FABULOUS FIFTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

KERRANG!

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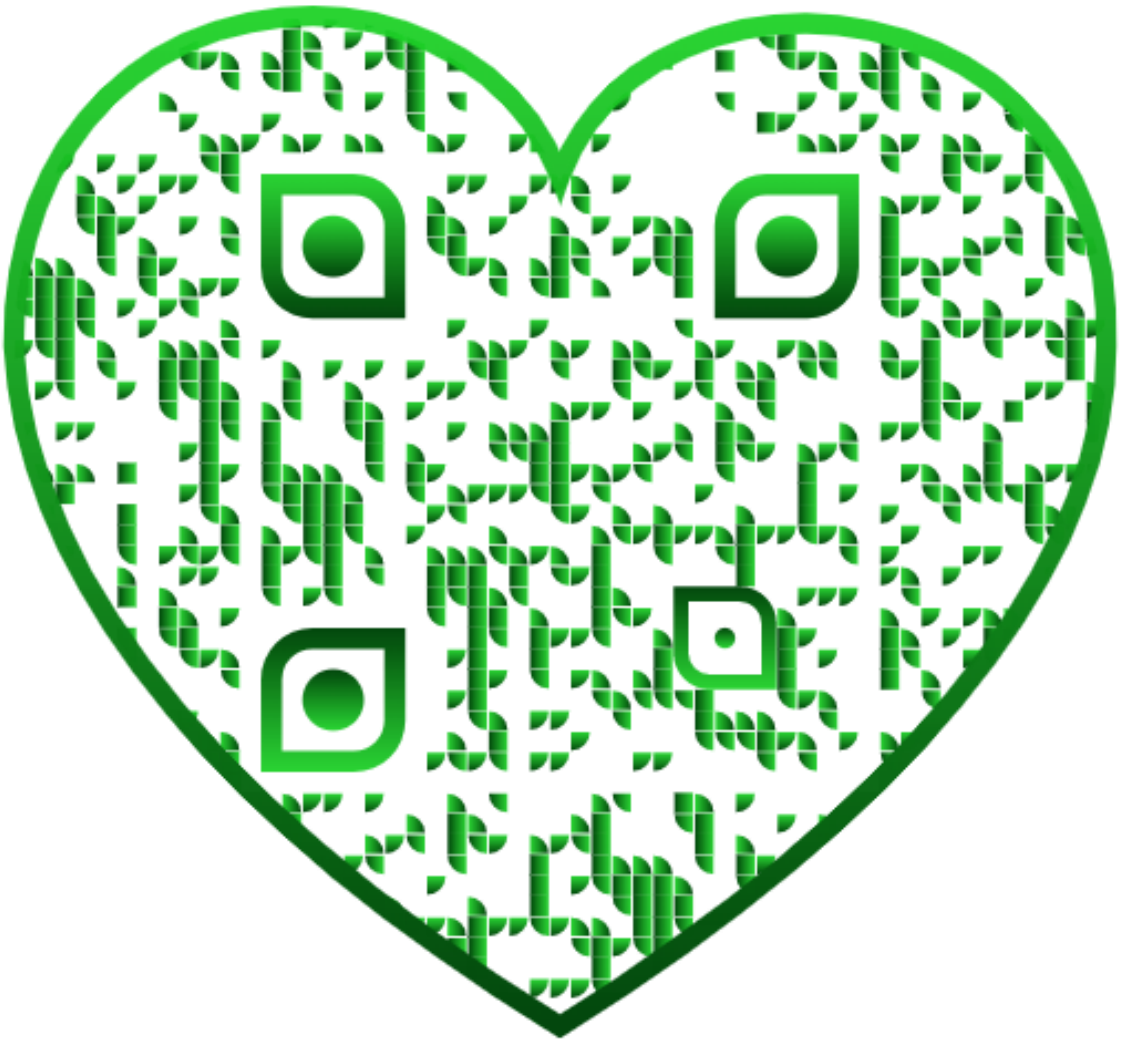
METALLICA TOTALLY WIRED!

68 PAGES

WIN AKAI GHETTO BLASTERS

UFO
JOURNEY
ANTHRAX
MOTÖRHEAD
QUIET RIOT
NIGHT RANGER

JAMES HETFIELD of Metallica: pic Ross Halfin



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BIBLE BASHERS BLITZ BRITAIN

■ **STRYPER** (**MICHAEL SWEET** pictured right), the West Coast holy rollers, may well be playing some shows in the UK this summer. According to sources within Bible-bunging range of the band, they have received a definite invitation to appear at the **Greenbelt Festival** on August 23, and if they do take it up would also like to add a dash of colour to this year's **Castle Donington** extravaganza on August 16, along with some headline appearances of their own.

Fresh off the road after a two-and-a-half month tour, the four Yellow And Black Attackers are currently thinking hard about the next Stryper album, their second *full* LP; they plan to spend about six weeks in pre-production then get down to some serious recording, possibly with producer **Michael Wagener** who worked on their last '**Soldiers Under Command**' album, released in '85. Certainly, he's one of the names currently being mentioned, the band hoping to have the record blessed and in the shores by September.

Enigma Records, Stryper's Los Angeles label, reckon that both the image and sound of the band will stay pretty much the same, though in the meantime, just to keep appetites nicely whetted, they plan to re-release the Christian Soldiers' debut mini-album ('**The Yellow And Black Attack**') in July, re-mixed, re-packaged, partly re-recorded and featuring two extra tracks – '**Reason For The Season**', previously issued as a single, and a brand new, self-produced number, '**My Love Will Always Show**'.

If the band don't complete their forthcoming album in time for the Summer festivals then chances are they'll come across to Europe in the Autumn, though a trip to Australia and a return visit to Japan are also high on the agenda.

We at *Kerrang!* reckon that those responsible for organising the Donington bill should be on the trans-Atlantic 'blower' straight away in an all-out effort to secure the Stryper services. Can you imagine it? Stryper and headliner **Ozzy** . . . good and evil . . . heaven and hell . . . white and black . . . light and shade . . . upstairs and downstairs . . . Jekyll and Hyde . . . beauty and . . . well, I think you get the picture, right friar, sorry, squire . . .?!

MORE* MAYHEM *OVER PAGE

IOMMI OWNS UP

■ *ANY WAY YOU look at it* ***Black Sabbath*** *are news, have been for the last 17 years and look like staying that way for some time to come. Just recently, though, it's been pretty much BAD news all down the line. Sabbath purists – those who still hanker after the* ***Ozzy/Iommi/Butler/Ward*** *primal days, and who might well have been heard catching their collective breath in anticipation of a Sabs reunion after their Live Aid appearance last year – might now be forgiven for wondering just what the hell is going on, and what is this thing that calls itself Sabbath now anyway?*

Issue 115 heralded the arrival of ***Glenn Hughes*** *as the* sixth *(by my reckoning) Sabs vocalist, the release of a new album, 'Seventh Star', and the onset of a major US tour. Three issues later and Hughes is out on his ear, replaced by unknown* ***Ray Gillen*** *(no relation – and pictured below right with* ***Tony Iommi****).*

*The rumours abound: Hughes lasted about 10 days on the road and the reports stated he was unsteady on his feet and having great difficulty with his vocals. Some said this was due to his continuing drug problem, others that he hadn't allowed himself sufficient time to recover from a motorbike accident. He was also reported to be sporting two 'shiners', one claim going that they were also the result of the accident, another that he was set upon by Sabbath's tour manager because he couldn't keep it together. And yet in issue 115 Hughes stated: "*I have a contract with Sabbath that allows me to keep the position of vocalist for years to come . . .*"*

So, given all this, a phone call to the last surviving original *Sabbath member, Tony Iommi, recently returned to Britain, seemed well in order . . .*

*"Basically, what happened was we got out on the road in the States and straight away Glenn's voice just went! We got doctors in every day and sent him everywhere we could to sort things out but he just couldn't make it. We tried to keep him off as much stuff (*ie. drugs*) as we could but obviously we couldn't stop him doing whatever he wanted . . . we put a bodyguard with him 24 hours a day to watch him!*

"I did give him a chance but obviously he screwed it up again, which is a shame cos he's only fooling himself!"

So, exit Glenn Hughes and enter Ray Gillen. Iommi says they were forced to cancel two dates only while Gillen rehearsed the material before stepping into the breach. Again, contradictory stories have emerged with another account suggesting that much of the remaining US tour was pulled primarily due to lack of ticket sales. But Iommi holds that they only cut short the tour because they wanted to promote the album in the UK and Europe. And as far as Hughes' contract is concerned?

"To be quite honest, the amount of money Glenn's cost me – over 300 grand! – well, I'm not going to spend that kind of cash on him again. All I want to do now is record a great album and do some great shows on the road."

Ray Gillen first came to Iommi's attention via a recommendation from current Sabs bassist ***Dave*** *'The Beast'* ***Spitz*** *and, again, the rumour goes that he was hiding patiently in the wings from the word go, waiting to pick up where Hughes left off at a moment's notice. The truth may never be fully revealed and, quite honestly, if this new Sabbath line-up pans out it may not actually matter. Iommi describes this latest Sabs amalgam as "just like the old Sabbath", and with a stage-show that includes lasers, a "time-machine" and even a human sacrifice, these early setbacks may be readily forgotten by the faithful.*

But, to the faithful, can this really ever be Black Sabbath? There's an old saying amongst us more cynical hacks that you can only flog a dead horse for so long before it starts to smell. So isn't it time that Tony Iommi laid the name of Black Sabbath to rest and chanced his arm as a solo star?

"Well, that was the original intention, to do a solo album. But Warner Brothers *(his US label) wanted to go with the name Black Sabbath and so did I, I didn't want there* not *to be a Sabbath. I think the next album will be a lot more Sabbath-y than this one.*

"But I wrote all the Black Sabbath stuff anyway so I don't see why I shouldn't *carry on doing it."*

And as to an original Black Sabbath reunion?

"No, there's no plans, not as yet, I haven't spoken to anybody about it."

The Sabbath campaign of attack is to complete the upcoming UK tour, then play some dates behind the Iron Curtain, some European shows, possibly some festivals in the Summer (Donington was mentioned but by no means confirmed) and then record another album. But the question remains; is it, or can it ever be, Black Sabbath? And what now for Glenn Hughes? This tour may provide some clues but there are still *too many unanswered questions. Someone must know the answers, but someone isn't saying.*

DAVE DICKSON

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

THERE'S [STILL] A RIOT GOIN' ON

QUIET RIOT (pictured right, clockwise from top left: **Carlos Cavazo, Chuck Wright, Kevin DuBrow** and **Frankie Banali**) will release a new studio album, **'QR III'**, through the *Pasha/CBS* label on July 4 – despite rumours that the Los Angeles-based act had split up following the departure of bassist **Rudy Sarzo** and the *relative* failure of their second (US) album, **'Condition Critical'** (1984). According to QR drummer Frankie Banali, at *no* point did the four-piece outfit cease to exist and at *no* point did any of the members consider linking up with other groups, though Frankie himself was approached by **Ozzy Osbourne** on two separate occasions: first at LA's prime ligging parlour, *The Rainbow* (an event witnessed by yours truly!), and again the next day. Indeed, *Playboy* magazine, amongst others, actually claimed in print that he *had* joined forces with the Double-O, which was news to Frankie, I can tell you!

No, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, Quiet Riot are very much together, with Chuck Wright taking up the rhythm reins from the disillusioned Sarzo . . .

"Rudy was unhappy with everything in the group," explains Frankie over the hotline from a New York hotel room, "we knew it was coming. You'd have had to be **Stevie Wonder** *not* to see it coming! He wanted his own group and we didn't want to hold him back."

Simple as that. With Rudy off forming a new outfit **Driver** in the company of drummer **Tommy Aldridge**, the band recruited temporary bassist **Kjell Benner** from Pittsburgh, a "kid of little experience" who joined the Quiet Boyz for shows in Argentina, Brazil, Venezuela, Panama and Puerto Rico. It was never going to be a permanent alliance, however; Benner has now left for pastures new and the band have located their *real* Mr Wright, the latter falling in with the QR ranks after a Japanese tour with his previous troupe, **Giuffria**.

Seems he wasn't too happy with **Gregg** (Giuffria) & Co, and besides, the Quiet Riot guys are far from strangers; he knows them all well, *very* well, having played certain bass parts and helped out with background vocals on the band's two (US) albums – **'Metal Health'** (1983) and the already plugged 'Condition Critical' – though in terms of live work his experience is a little more limited . . . To a single show, in fact, the Friendship Festival in Acapulco in January of this year, the band topping a bill that also included **King Kobra** and **Precious Metal** while an estimated 35,000 fans eagerly looked on. The first QR album has sold about 250,000 copies in Mexico (setting the figure for which platinum status is now granted) and to round off a very successful trip Frankie upped and caught himself an eight foot two inch, 140 pound Sail Fish. It's now stuffed.

BUT WHAT of 'QR III'? Will it help the band regain lost ground? Well, this might be a good plaice, sorry, *place* to mention that 'Condition Critical', an LP generally regarded as a flop, still sold around a million and a half copies; not as many as 'Metal Health', certainly, that racked up sales of five million and finally reached the Number One spot in the US album chart, but still far from a failure.

How the new one fares we'll just have to sit tight an' see, but its chances are a good deal better for the fact that the band's frontman and notorious mouthpiece Kevin DuBrow has been significantly more in control of himself of late. No putdowns, no potshots, no inflammatory prods, just sweet, sweet . . . *silence*, the man channelling all extraneous energy into the forthcoming album . . .

Produced by **Spencer Proffer** and engineered by **Duane Baron** at *Pasha Studios* in LA, the record, according to Frankie, has a different sound, "more rhythmic, more musical", a difference highlighted by the arrival of keyboard player **John Purdell** to the QR line-up. Previously with **Rick Springfield**'s band, he makes his presence felt on the new LP and will also tour with the band in July when they take a revamped stageshow to Japan, Guam, Hawaii, the USA, Canada and Mexico.

No plans to visit Europe, however; this side of the Atlantic, we'll just have to make do with the new album which, Frankie assures me, is 100 per cent cover version free; no need for them this time with all the band pitching in on the writing side and taking their time about it too. . . . **'Main Attraction'**, **'Wild And Young'**, **'Twilight Hotel'**, Frankie's not slow to sing the praises of all the songs, speaking just as proudly of "the best drum sound I've *ever* had".

DANTE BONUTTO

NEW MALE MAN

Pic Ray Palmer

■ ***ROGUE MALE*** *(new line-up pictured above) are back. Hotly tipped as one of the brightest new age Metal acts, their second album,* ***'Animal Man'*** *(out on the* MFN *label in the UK and* Elektra *in the USA), is scheduled for simultaneous release during mid-June.*

Recorded at two London studios, PRT *and* The Marquee, *and mixed at the* Power Plant *in New York, the LP will feature ten tracks with the likely running order as follows:*

Side One: ***'Progress'***, ***'Lust'***, ***'Take No S**t'***, ***'You're On Fire'*** *and* ***'The Real Me'***.

Side Two: ***'Animal Man'***, ***'Belfast'***, ***'The Job Centre'***, ***'Low Rider'*** *and* ***'The Passing'***.

Production was primarily handled by a partnership consisting of ***Bob Musso*** *and* ***Steve James*** *(the latter also produced the band's debut album,* ***'First Visit'***), *with the Rogues' acting in an executive capacity, making sure that the Metal quotent was well to the fore. According to band leader* ***Jim Lyttle*** *(front, right), Musso's involvement has given a new dimension to the Rogue Male sound:*

"In retrospect, I think the sound of the first LP didn't quite support the attitude of the songs. However, this time we've gone for a more modern feel, it's cleaner and quite sinister – more in tune with the band's image and the haunted feel of our music.

"The songs are far more interesting and we've used some really complicated rhythm patterns. I think you'll be surprised at the quality of the musicianship; we spent a lot of time making sure that every track is as near to perfection as possible."

In fact, according to Lyttle, it was their craving for perfection that can be cited as the root cause of drummer ***Steve Kingsley****'s departure from the band . . .*

"Steve wasn't happy with the new, more technical material and it got to a point where we all realised that we'd have to find somebody with the right *frame of mind."*

In an effort to finish the LP, the Rogues opted to use the services of session drummer ***Charlie Morgan****. However, a permanent replacement has now been appointed –* ***Danny Fury*** *(front, left), previously unknown and from Switzerland.*

*Rogue Male's immediate plans involve a return visit to the USA where they'll undertake a coast-to-coast tour probably as support to a major act (****Twisted Sister*** *has been mentioned), or else as part of a package involving two middle-league acts (****Dokken*** *for one perhaps). They'll also be visiting France (their strongest market) as well as playing selected dates in Ireland and the UK.*

DEREK 'Wild Beast' OLIVER

CRISS GRABBED BY BALLS

■ FORMER **KISS** drummer **Peter Criss** has joined Los Angeles band **Balls Of Fire**. The quartet are pictured above, with Criss second from the left. The other members of this group are lead vocalist/guitarist **Jane Booke**, lead guitarist **John Pakalenka** and bassist **Bobby Raylove**.

Balls Of Fire describe their music as 'a merging of rockabilly, R&B, HM and pop' and their repertoire includes such original numbers as **'My Heart Stopped The Bullets'** and **'Blue Don't Look Good On You'**.

"I was looking for some hungry, fresh musicians and I've found them," said Criss of his decision to join the outfit. He will contribute both drums and vocals.

■ **ANTHRAX** WILL be playing their first UK show at the *Hammersmith Palais* in London on May 29. This will be the last date of a European tour and the US act's one and *only* appearance in Britain. Tickets are £5.00 on the door/£4.50 in advance and are available now from the *Hammersmith* box office and *Shades Records*; the credit card hotline number is **379 6433** (a booking charge will be made for this service).

Special Guests for the show will be Bristol Punk-Metallers **Onslaught** with **Alice's Retaurant** occupying the DJ spot.

It's possible that Anthrax will return for a full UK tour in the Autumn when they might have new product available.

■ **JETHRO TULL**, **Magnum** and **Mama's Boys** have been added to the bill for the 'Welcome To The Garden Party' festival at *Milton Keynes Bowl* on June 28. They join the previously-announced headliners **Marillion** and Special Guest **Gary Moore**. For ticket details, see *Mayhem* issue 114.

■ **OZZY OSBOURNE** will release a new 13-track video, including both live and concept footage, in mid-to-late June on the *CBS/Sony* label. Titled **'The Ultimate Ozzy'**, it will feature the current line-up of his band – **Jake E. Lee** (guitar), **Phil Soussan** (bass) and **Randy Castillo** (drums) – as well as songs from his latest, highly successful LP, **'The Ultimate Sin'**.

Polygram did have plans to reissue an Ozzy video of their own under the title **'Bark At The Moon'**, an unofficial collection of three-year-old songs played by a previous band line-up, but it seems that this will *not* now take place.

■ FORMER **DIAMOND HEAD** lead vocalist **Sean Harris** has now signed a new publishing deal

MORE* MAYHEM *PAGE 8

RANGE ROVERS

*NIGHT RANGER galloped into London for a surprise visit just in time for the recent **Hear 'n Aid** bash at ye olde* Hard Rock Café. *Well, two of the posse showed up at least, singing drummer **Kelly Keagy** and singing bassist **Jack** 'The Lad' **Blades**, eager to support Heavy Metal's charity project, and re-awaken interest here in a fine all-American band.*

Night Ranger might sound like a cowboy outfit, but they're actually self-assured San Franciscan sophisticates, who tend to deride the accents of the Western Plain.

"Are y'all R-a-a-ngers?" mimicks Jack Blades, curly-haired and impish.

*Kelly and Jack were last here with the full band supporting **Foreigner** on their European tour. They made a good impression though, despite massive sales of singles and albums in the States, they can hardly be described as household names in the UK.*

My advice was that they should pay a few nights at the Marquee *to build up a grassroots following here, to which they listened with polite interest. They probably feel they've done enough of that sort of thing back home. Said Jack: "We got off the road on March 4 1986, and we started touring on April 15 1985. That's 11 months of live work," he yawned.*

"We've been to Japan twice and now we thought we'd come over here and talk to our friends at Kerrang!. *The only time we've played here was at* Wembley Arena *last year with Foreigner. But we wanna get back over here, and cut a new record, which we'll start on in June."*

NIGHT RANGER'S Jack Blades

*AMONG NIGHT Ranger's achievements thus far have been the platinum album **'Dawn Patrol'** and its double platinum follow-up **'Midnight Madness'**. A single from the latter LP, **'Sister Christian'**, got to Number Five in the US Top Ten, and their third and latest album, **'7 Wishes'**, boasts hot cuts like **'Night Machine'** featuring Brad Gillis (a spotlighted soloist on the Hear 'n Aid single, **'Stars'**) on geetar . . . and other hit singles in **'Sentimental Street'** and **'Goodbye'**.*

*Their producer is **Pat Glasser** – or rather WAS. Says Jack: "We have a new producer now. We had a problem with our old one. We didn't like the way our last album sounded. We were in Japan when it was being mixed and it didn't turn out the way we wanted."*

*"It wasn't modern enough," interjects Kelly with some heat. In fact, the album sold well, but they've now brought in **Ron Nevison** to produce their next masterwork. As a traditional rock 'n' roll band, though, isn't it their philosophy to reject synthesised techno-pop and keep alive old values?*

"Absolutely," says Jack.

"Kind of," says Kelly. "When I said we wanted the album to be more MODERN I just meant we should progress a bit. We still like the guitar thing and the energy."

"We are a ROCK band," confirms Jack, "always have been, always will be. And we rock so much harder live than you'd guess from our last record – that was the problem. We'll get it right on our next album. We've got some good songs and we'll capture the excitement.

"When we first released our 'Dawn Patrol' album we also did a video for ten thousand dollars. MTV picked up on it and gave us a tremendous amount of exposure for a brand new band. So instead of being faceless . . . 'Night Ranger, who is this band?' kids had already seen us on MTV. *It bred a familiarity that helped us immensely. And I don't think* MTV *and videos stop people going to concerts. Not at all.*

"It's funny, when we first started out, the hurdle was to write a song. Fair enough. Then they tell you, you've gotta be a great recording artist. Then you've gotta look great live. Well, OK, you look good live. Now they say you've gotta be an actor. Fortunately, we're a bunch of hams anyway!"

WHEN WILL Night Ranger – the complete version – show up to play in England?

"We'll be here for a tour in September – well, maybe not that early. In the Fall (Autumn), anyway," says Jack through a mouthful of sandwiches, courtesy of MCA. *"I think we'll start our world tour here in Europe, though I don't think we've sold very well record-wise here. Not huge business. 'Sister Christian' got played here, but we've not broken the European market yet. It's expensive for us to come here, which is why a lot of American bands don't.*

"But it's important to us because we really want to play and become popular in England. It's a number one priority – whatever it takes, we're gonna do it!"

I then began my speech about showing willing and playing the small clubs.

"Oh really?" says Kelly. "Well . . . I'm not opposed to that."

"No, neither am I," says Jack, sounding like Murdoch in 'The A-Team'. "But we're used to playing to ten thousand people a night in the States. So coming here to play to small audiences in a club would be a shock to the psyche. No, the real reason we come over here is to shop for clothes!"

*Night Ranger have a complicated history of changed line-ups and proto groups. Suffice it to say, they were called simply **Ranger** back in April of 1980, until a Country & Western group came up with the same name.*

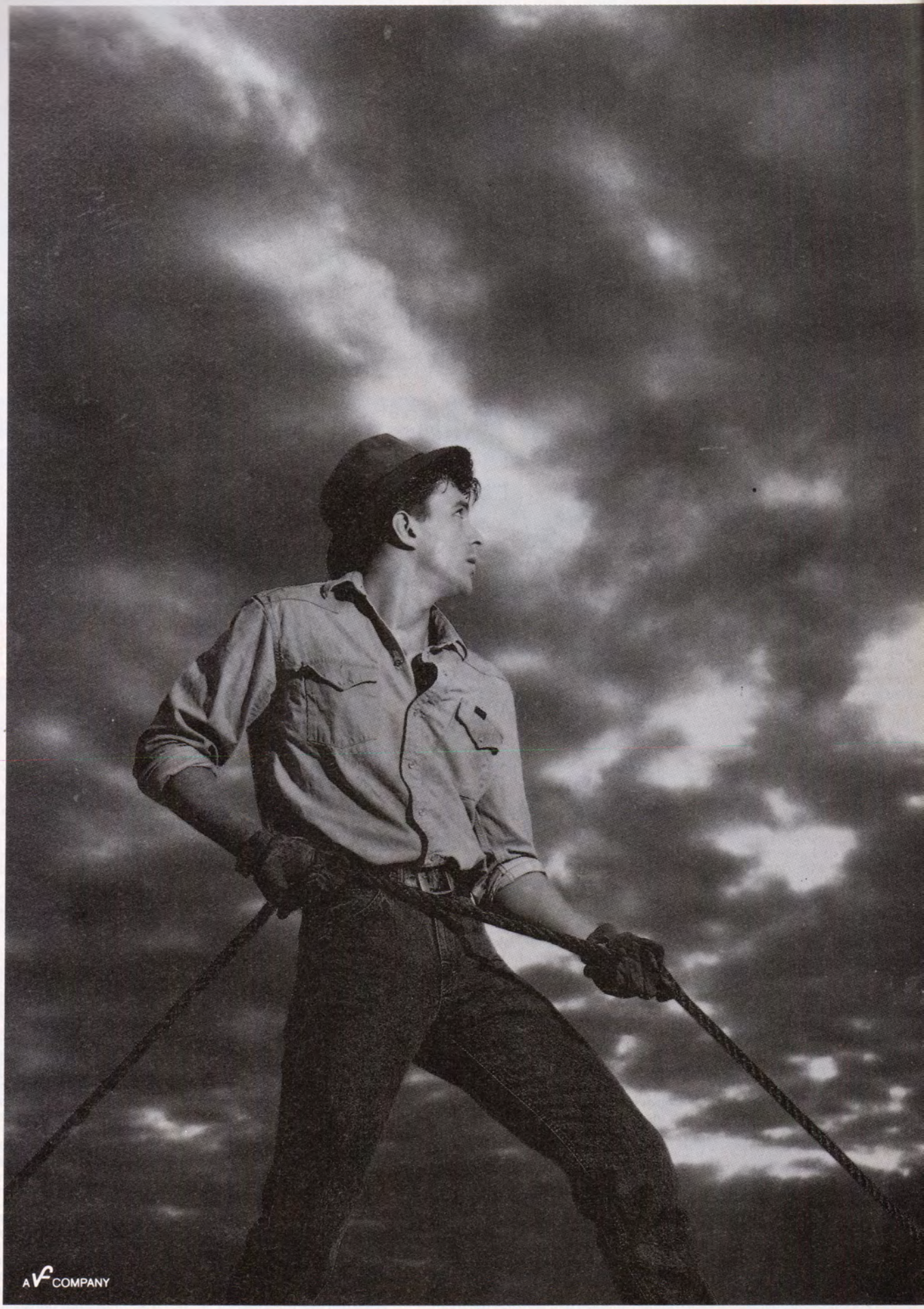
"I'm glad we changed the name, it's turned out real well for us," says Jack. "After that, we went out on the road, cos we've always been a touring band. We tour for ten months of the year and I don't see that schedule breaking up in the future."

JACK'S BIGGEST concern right now is image.

"You know what, I was trying on some clothes in a shop called Ebony *in South Molton Street, Central London, and the owner said, 'You've gotta get out of the Sixties sometime!' I nearly fell over laughing! Seriously, we just wanna show British audiences how good old-fashioned rock can be!"*

CHRIS WELCH

ROUGH RID



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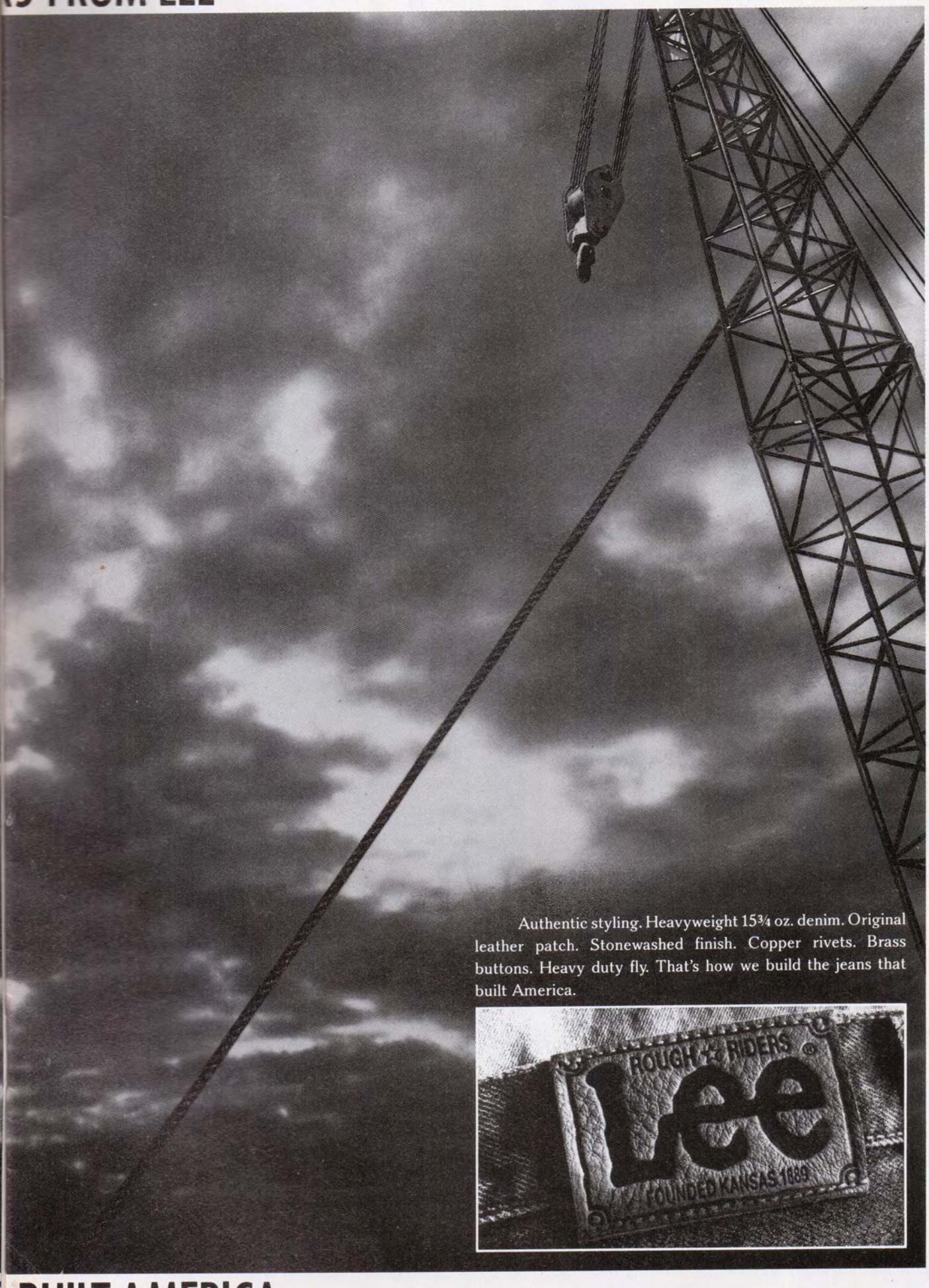

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BUILT AMERICA

FROM PAGE 5

with *I-Major Songs*. In the meantime, ex-DH guitarist **Brian Tatler** is presently working on material for a solo album.

■ *DEMON RECORDS* have just re-issued the following albums: **'Long Day's Flight'** (from the **Electric Prunes**), **'Roadhouse'** (**Flamin' Groovies**) and **'Tadpoles'** (**The Bonzo Dog Band**).

■ LOS ANGELES band **Faze** have signed a deal with Niji Management, who also handle **Dio, Rough Cutt, Alcatrazz** and **Burn**.

The band's line-up is **Tom Hardy** (lead vocals), **David Nacca** (guitar), **Norman House** (keyboards/backing vocals), **Jimmy Poe** (bass/backing vocals) and **Craig Ross** (drums).

■ DARLINGTON-BASED act **Holosade** have replaced bassist **Kev Hole** with ex-**Dark Heart** man **Col Bell**. The band now have their latest demo tape available at a price of £1.50 (incl. p&p) from: **KBE, 8 Windsor Terrace, Shildon, County Durham**.

■ NORFOLK-BASED act **Sittin' Pretty** have now altered their line-up to the following: **Rob Ross** (lead vocals/guitar/backing vocals), **John Brindle** (guitar/backing vocals), **Andi Mackerie** (drums/backing vocals), **Dave Gwilliam** (bass/backing vocals) and **Chris Halls** (keyboards). This combo have just recorded a demo at *The Kitchen Studios* in Norwich with producer **Andy Swain**.

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THE ART OF TWANG

DUANE EDDY (an early study): all hail 'the first-ever teenage guitar hero'

***DUANE EDDY**, the man who put the Twang into* Kerrang!, *is back with a whole New Thang! The good-looking dude, who hit with such memorable albums as 'Have Twangy Guitar . . . Will Travel' and was one of the first rock guitar heroes, has relaunched his career with a little help from some British friends.*

Duane, from Arizona, made his mark on the early '60s by pioneering a brash new sound that put lead guitar firmly in the forefront of rock music. He was a 'star instrumentalist', first in a line that would stretch all the way to today's Heavy Metal moguls. In fact, old Duane was the pioneer Kerrangster, *his guitar thundering through a succession of smash hits, starting with 'Rebel Rouser' and marching through 'Ramrod', 'Shazam', 'Because They're Young' and 'Dance With The Guitar Man'.*

*One of his biggest hits, 'Peter Gunn', was recently revamped for the '80s with the aid of the **Art Of Noise**, a trio of synthesiser and computer experts who work on all the current high tech hits.*

Duane, the dark-haired gun slinger who peered out from album covers in the '60s under such titles as 'The Twang's The Thang', is now a grey-haired, bearded, quietly spoken, dignified gentleman. If he suffered hard times when pop fashions changed and the Twang Was No Longer The Thang, then he wasn't letting on. His eyes twinkled, and he chuckled to himself as he pondered the ways of the world. Here he was back in England, where he was greeted with hysterical adulation when rock was young, wondering if anybody out there still remembered him.

Like all true gunslingers from the Wild West, he was laconic but quick on the draw. "Muh music? It was country and western with drums."

WE SAT in the reception at Nomis, *once a West London dairy and now converted into a temple of noise.*

"I started to work again a couple of years ago," revealed Duane. "I moved from Arizona to Nashville so I could be near the action. But I think the action is right here in London. That figgers! This is a really interesting combination with me and the Art Of Noise and I particularly like it because they are the first group I've heard in ages who have their own, identifiable sound. I'm pleased to be working with them because I did the same sort of thing years ago. They're doing it in the '80s. I haven't changed my sound at all. Just play the way I always did."

How many times did Duane have to play the 'Peter Gunn' riff on the session? (There's a break in the middle where Duane calls out "Is that enough?") The Rebel Rouser smiled: "Yeah, my fingers were dropping off. Bleeding, actually!"

The original Peter Gunn theme was from a TV detective series, which is now being re-run on US cable networks.

*"Yep, that's right," said Duane. "**Henry Mancini** wrote the music and the first hit version was by **Ray Anthony**. I put it on an album in 1959. It was a hit single in Australia first and then in England. Finally, it was a hit in America too. How many did it sell? Oh, a couple of million I guess. It was a good record for me.*

*"I then came to Britain for my first tour in 1960 with **Bobby Darin** and **Clyde McPhatter**. That was a great tour . . . good fun. I have a lot of friends here. People say I influenced a lot of people over the years. Kids even took up drums because of me, not just guitar!"*

*WAS DUANE surprised to become the first-ever teenage guitar hero when he was quiet, home town boy? "Well yes, but there were a few before me, like **Les Paul**. But most rock stars were singers. What I did was play instrumentals, which gave a lot of young groups something they could play right off at Friday night dances. It was fun for them to do, and they didn't have to sing. I'm proud of those hits and I look on each one of them as an individual. They're like my children in a way. They all have different characteristics. A lot of bands used the titles of my hits, like 'Rebel Rouser', for their names. There were groups called **Rebel Rousers, Cannonballs, Ramrods, Rockin' Rebels** . . . it goes on and on.*

"The interesting thing about the 'Peter Gunn' theme is that you can't play anything NEAR it. It's theft-proof. You can steal from most songs, but with this one, if you take anything out of it, the new song is still gonna come up sounding exactly like 'Peter Gunn'. And you can't hear it without thinking of someone sneaking up on you like a detective."

Duane gets his sound using a Guild 'Duane Eddy' *signature model guitar the company first made for him in 1962. When Duane started working again two years ago,* Guild *issued a new limited edition.*

"I got the sound by using my thumb and the vibrato. I did use a Danelectro *six string bass guitar on 'Because They're Young'. I was experimenting with new sounds, just like the Art Of Noise do today. But they're way ahead because they have so much technology to choose from."*

Duane Eddy hasn't had a record contract for ten years, despite having served the industry well, selling millions of records in his heyday. It wasn't until friends rallied round and got him a band together that Duane started touring again, in 1983.

*"There wasn't much interest in my music. No, it wasn't painful, but there were moments of frustration. Then I heard guys starting to use my sound again on record, like **Adam Ant**, bless his heart, which was encouraging. That got me interested in going out again.*

"I'm getting real excited," he said, looking decidedly cool and relaxed. "I think this is going to be a good record for me, and I'm hoping I'll be able to come back with my own new record after this. Or I may do some more with the Art Of Noise.

*"The most recent thing I did was a tour with **Chuck Berry** and **Jerry Lee Lewis**. That was a lot of fun, but it was a lot quieter than in the old days. We're all sane now!"*

CHRIS WELCH

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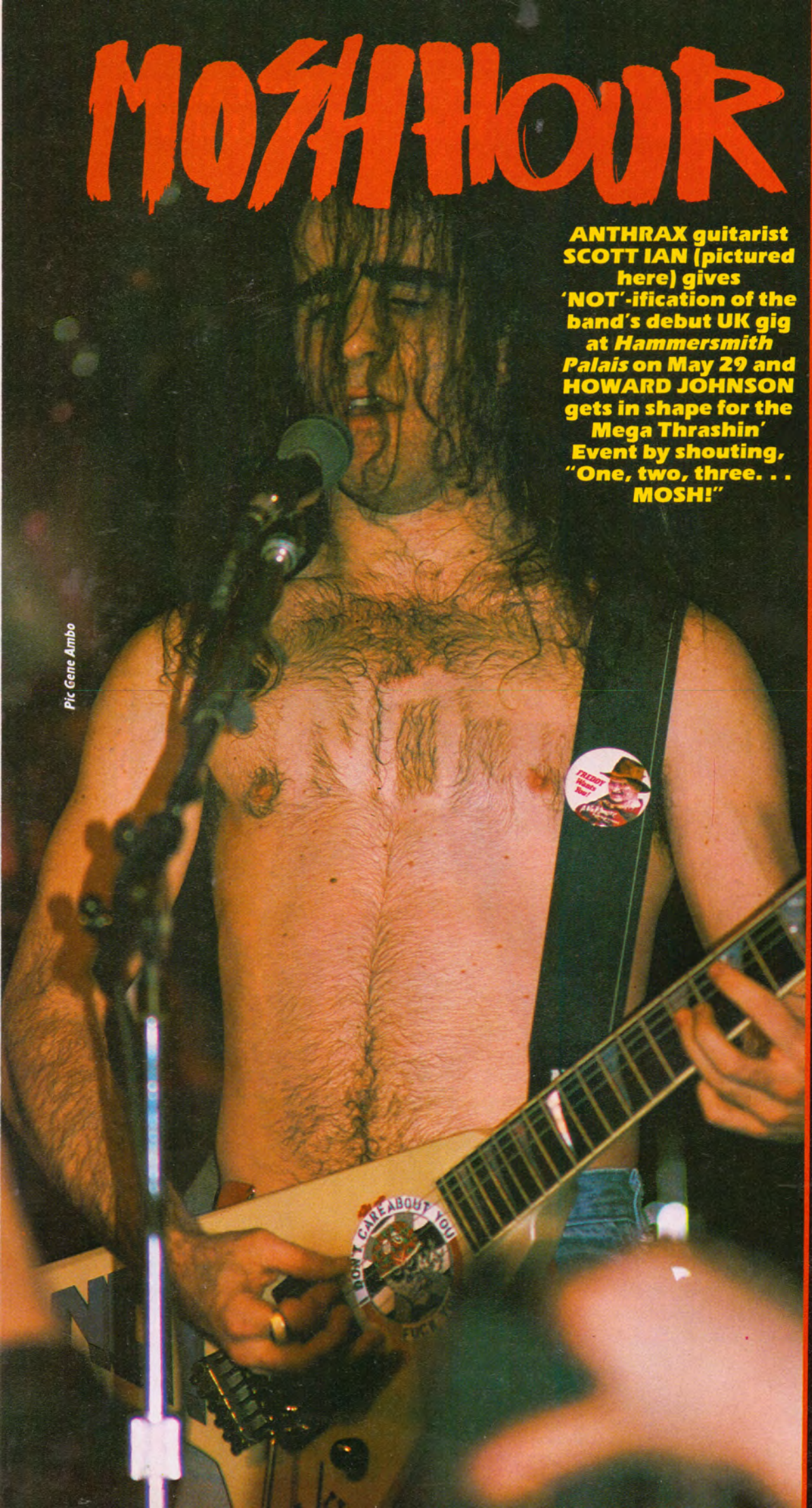
Life sounds better to music

MOSHHOUR

ANTHRAX guitarist SCOTT IAN (pictured here) gives 'NOT'-ification of the band's debut UK gig at *Hammersmith Palais* on May 29 and HOWARD JOHNSON gets in shape for the Mega Thrashin' Event by shouting, "One, two, three. . . MOSH!"



Pic Gene Ambo

I'VE BEEN around the world, seen a million bands, but there's one act I just seem to keep bumping into. Anthrax, man! Talked to 'em more times than I've had hot dinners, enthused about their 'Armed & Dangerous' EP on countless occasions, got into the grind of their second album 'Spreading The Disease' like a good 'un, and generally spread the word. When you think about it, that's some compliment coming from me, set in my ways as I am, killjoy komments frequently desecrating the grave of Thrash! I mean, if Xavier loved Anthrax, you wouldn't really raise eyebrows sharpish, now would you? But *moi?*

Yup, Anthrax are happening, doesn't matter where your musical heart lies. With a deadly combination of steamingly awesome vocals from Joe Belladonna and a musical backdrop to both sear and soothe, this band are just too damn good at what they do to disappear down *anyone's* aural dumper. Nice, very nice, and if they loved the Cult as much as Metallica do, then they'd be up there contending for the title of 'Kings Of Frash'!

It's taken a while for the boys to get 'Spreading . . .' onto the UK market. The album's currently shaking foundations in *Island's* offices in the States, sitting none too comfortably alongside the U2 collection, but trusty HM vanguards *Music For Nations* have taken on the leadweight load in Britain. It's probably a good thing for the band too, as *MFN* are far more used to dealing with this kind of musical blasting than the reggae-orientated *Island.*

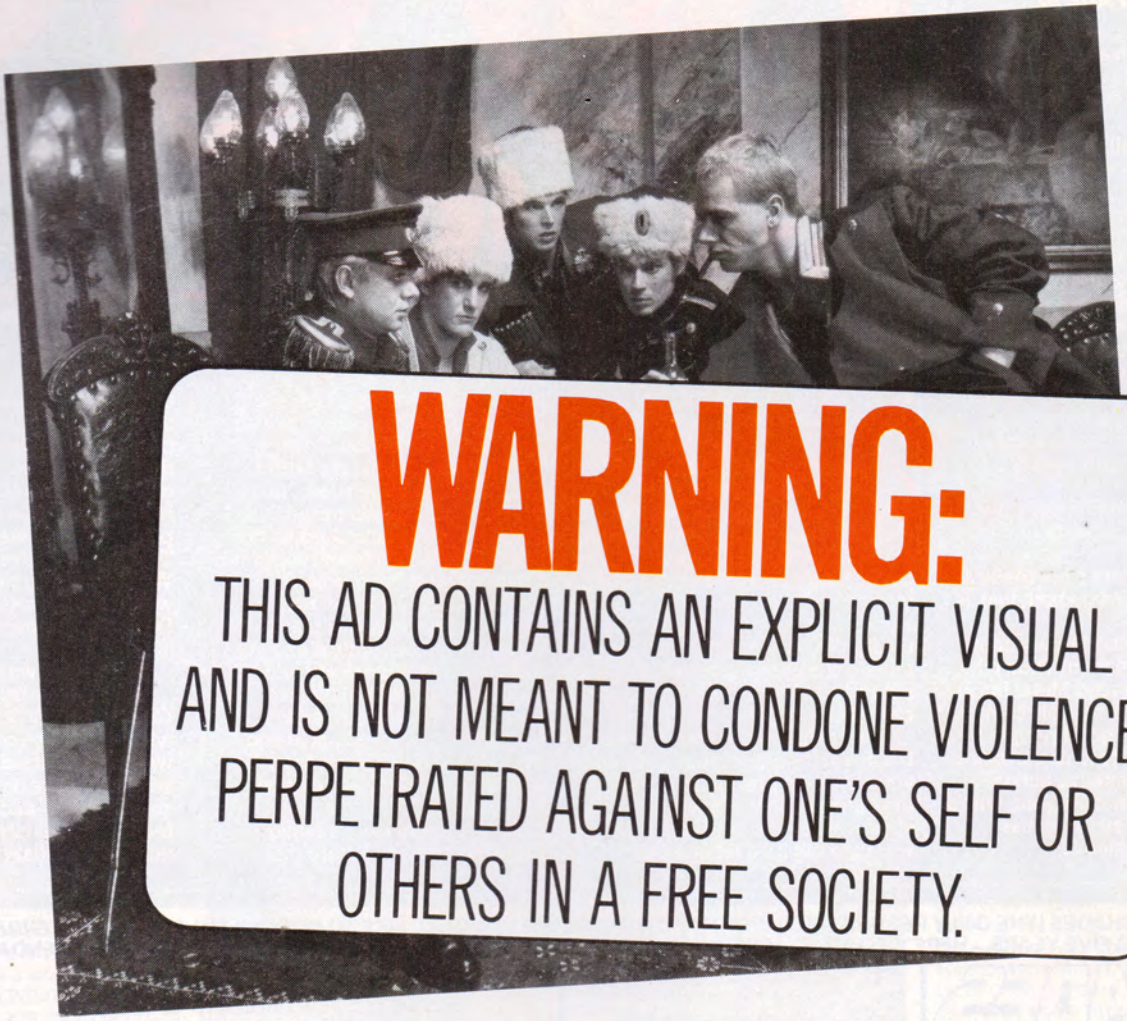
And believe me, it would be a shame if 'Spreading . . .' wasn't given a fair crack of the whip, for it's up there alongside Metallica product as the finest in Thrash. 'Medusa', the cacophony of 'Gung Ho', 'Madhouse' and 'Aftershock' are up there contending, soaked in sass and caked in class!

But why am I telling you all this, huh? I mean, haven't I just said that I've been through this rap umpteen times before? Well, true, but then again Anthrax haven't ever been poised to play a British date before, have they cherubs? The *Hammersmith Palais* on May 29 is the place to be, for with Bristol bludgeoners Onslaught in support, Anthrax will be there to prove what I've been saying all along. One, two, three . . . MOSH!

So how do they feel about finally hitting the UK? Scott 'NOT' Ian, guitarist, all-round Anthrax nice guy and not half as hard as he'd have you believe, is on the 'blower' to lay a few nifty quotes on me. So, er . . . lay 'em, Scott . . .

"OH MAN, we're really looking forward to getting over to Britain to play! We've met so many people from London, had so many letters from fans over there, that we just wanna go over and show what we can do. And the best thing is that this is all part of a major trek through Europe in support of the album – the Anthrax holiday! It looks as if we

KONTINUEZ PAGE



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MOSH

FROM PAGE 10

could be playing some festivals in Europe too, such as the Heavy Sound one and maybe *Metal Hammer* too, so that should really help us!"

How has the album done in the States? I know you all had really high hopes for it . . .

"It's done well, as well as we expected. It got to 175 in the *Billboard* Top 200 which is about 75,000 copies and the press response has been great. The video has been shown a bit lately, so that should push sales up even more. I guess we're looking at something near 200,000 in terms of worldwide sales to put us in a good position for the next one. I know it's done really well in Japan."

There were rumours of you doing the Black Sabbath tour in the States . . .

"Yeah, well there's not really a lot of point in talking about that, is there?!"

No, I suppose not! How about the album sleeve then? Didn't the depiction of a crazed Metal fan in line for surgery of the lobotomy variety incite the good people of the Moral Majority to undertake a wee bit of preventative action?

"Surprisingly not. Anyone who's bothered to say anything has really loved the sleeve – especially the sticker saying *'This album contains NOT one hit single'*. Ha!"

Pic Ray Palmer

SCOTT 'NOT' IAN (left) with Anthrax vocalist Joe Belladonna: "We've only just begun to tap the potential of the band!"

AH YES, the infamous NOT fetish. Scott's personal negation of traditional ideology manifests itself in the appearance of the word 'NOT' in every convenient space. You'll see it on guitars, on amps, on shirts, on hats and even on chests! Yup, chests of the human variety. Scott had the infamous monosyllabic word shaved into his own gen-u-ine carpet chest!

"Oh yeah, people love the 'NOT' business. It's bigger than ever and whenever we play there are a lot of kids with the word written somewhere. The chest business was nice but it's a bit of a pain because everywhere I go people ask to see it. Besides, I have to keep shaving it because the hair grows back really quickly."

The only answer is to take a razorblade roadie on tour, then! Preferably mild-mannered SOD vocalist Billy Milano! And by the way – how is the Stormtroopers Of Death splinter band doing?

"Really good! I know that Malcolm Dome saw us play at *The Ritz* in New York with Wendy O. Williams and Motörhead and he didn't rate us, but believe me, it was great, we were so *sick!* Wendy was getting spat at and Malcolm said she went down best. Maybe he thinks that's a good response!"

See, Anthrax have a biting edge, so beware! Future plans?

"Well, we'll be writing a lot on the road so hopefully we'll have the material for the next album finished by the time we're back in the States in June. We hope to be going out in the US with Dio in June and July and there's also a possibility that we'll be doing the Texas Jam Festival in the Summer. We'll finish touring in October and we hope to record from December through to January of '87."

Where and with whom?

"Well, we're trying to do it at *Compass Point Studios* in Nassau with producer Tom Allom. I can't wait to get started because the songs we have out now all seem so old to me – and I've got a feeling we've only just begun to tap the potential of the band!"

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MELLOW PERIL

JOURNEY
'Raised On Radio'
(CBS 26902)
KKKK

MELLOW, VERY, very mellow. Yeah, OK, I know that Journey have hardly been at the forefront of all things decibelic in the past, but well, they've had their moments, shall we say? 'Majestic', 'Keep On Runnin'' and 'Escape' to name but three of guitarist Neal Schon's more magic outings.

Well, you can scrub all that gear from your mind right now. From here on in you can consign any thoughts of serious rifferama to sweet-smelling past memories. Journey '86 is all about *wimphem*. Fast wimphem, slow wimphem, mid-paced wimphem . . . but wimphem all the same! Poor Geoff Barton will once more be running for the hills, Grave Digger albums in tow, desperately trying to avoid the splurge. I'd usually be donning the *Nikes* an' all, attempting to find alternative pastures greener. And yet . . .

And yet, this is a *good* album, proof positive of what a bloody fine act Journey are, have been and will be until the day the sugar-sweet Daddy In The Sky gives 'em the final nod!

Sure, more Sam Cooke than Tipton and Downing anytime, yet somehow Journey reach those emotional parts that other bands will never find. Just as lead vocalist Steve Perry's solo album of '84 stood head and shoulders above the rest of the turgid AOR field, so 'Raised On Radio' is the standard by which the rest of the pack will have to be judged.

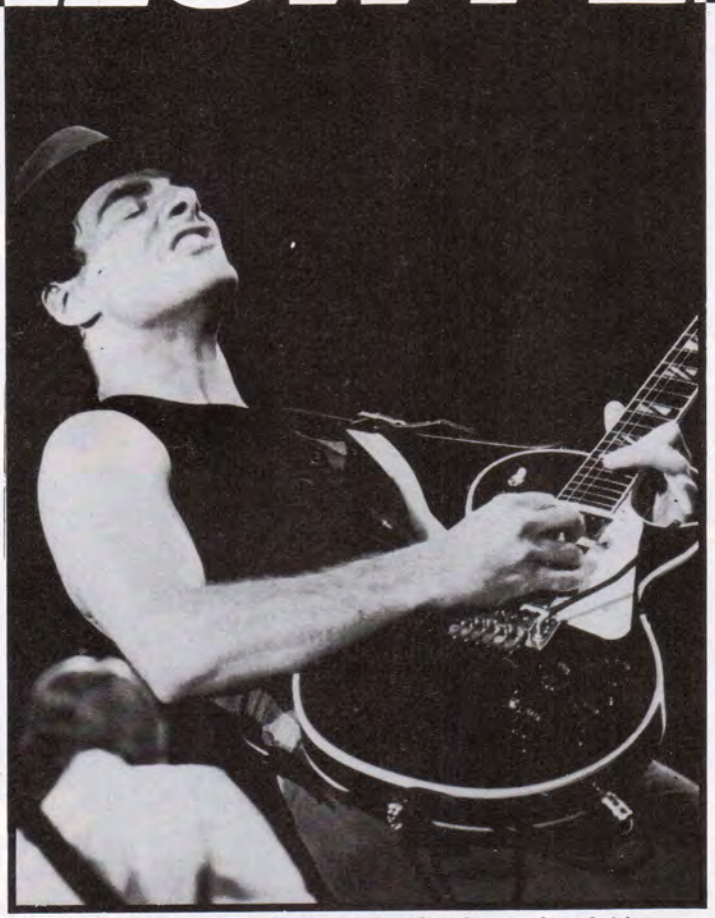
Indeed, 'ROR' is much more akin to solo Perry than earlier Journey outings, an interesting *melange* of styles all a-comin' home to roost in the AOR *genre*. There's plenty of Diana Ross/ Temptations influence in the likes of 'Positive Touch' and 'It Could Have Been You'; even a nod to Fifties crooners in 'The Eyes Of A Woman' and 'Why Can't This Night Go On Forever' (why does this title go on forever?). It all sounds vile I know, but it works! And I think it works because it has a genuine ring to it.

Perry's not a 'Heavy Metal Gone Pop' singer. He's a pop singer with a touch of raunch to his style. Obviously a man of mule-like stubbornness too. Schon is limited to just one semi-violent outburst during the title track and it's clearly our Steve who is cracking the musical whip! (He's also involved on the production side.)

It's all a question of expectations really. If you want 'heads down, no nonsense' stuff, *etc, etc,* then you'll hate 'Raised On Radio'. But for some inexplicable reason I'm hip to the groove – unlike various band members it would seem!

Whether the departures of bassist Ross Valory and drummer Steve Smith (before or after recording?) signifies the end of Journey remains to be seen. The band have had their problems for about as long as I can recall and two fresh recruits will either bring about a new lease of life or else an increase in fracturisation. Still, if worst did come to worst, then 'ROR' would be no bad legacy!

HOWARD JOHNSON



NEAL SCHON of Journey: not much guitar hero grimacin' in evidence on this here vinyl pankake!

HEIR APPARENT
'Graceful Inheritance'
(Black Dragon BD 008 import)
K

AH, SEATTLE, that strange outpost town, home of the breathtakingly brilliant Q5 (hurry up with that new album, I'm getting impatient!). Ah, Seattle, home of that fine record store 'Easy Street' – a Queensrÿche hang out, so I'm led to believe. Ah Seattle, home of the gorgeous Samantha Johnson, a gal who's done a lot to help promote Washington State-based Metal both in Tower Records' *Pulse* magazine and on her radio show (RIP). Indeed, it was Samantha who first introduced me to Heir Apparent in the form of a five-track demo . . .

"Listen to the guitarist," she said. I did and that's the problem with this band – it's very much the Terry Gorle Show. He kontinually runs up and down his fretboard forgetting that there are three other musicians in the band. I was looking forward to spinning 'Graceful Inheritance' but, oh dear, by the end of *Side One* I was yawning out loud.

Why was I yawning? Simple, there just aren't any songs on this album and ripping off Queensrÿche as they do on 'Tear Down The Walls' is unforgiveable. Sorry, fellas, I tried to like this album, but you're gonna have to start writing katchier songs before you get my attention again.

XAVIER RUSSELL

CALIFORNIA'S BEST METAL
'A Collection Of 12 Tracks By 12 Bands'
(New Renaissance/ Greenworld GWD90526 import)
KK

CHRIST, if this is the *best* Kalifornia has to offer I dread to think what 'Kalifornia's Worst Metal' would sound like! Maybe it's that dreary hot 'kurrant bun' mixed in with all that lovely smog that turns the majority of Kalifornians (well, the ones I've met anyway) into 'airheads'. And unfortunately this dumb *(totally!)*, dull *(for sure!)* laid-back *(barf me out!)* attitude to life shows up strongly in the muzak on offer here.

Strange as it may seem, it's the female-fronted bands, namely the NEW Hellion, featuring the soaring vocals of the lovely Ann Boleyn (see yer down the *Rainbow* in May!), and Syren, led by Brenda Barboni, who I have to confess I know little about, that come across best, the other ten tracks being nothing more than 'fillers'.

But my main complaint is that the majority of the acts seem to hail from Suvern Kalifornia, which is a crying shame cos Norvern Kalifornia has a lot more to offer musically – for example, San Francisco's very own Jet Boy, who penned the outrageous klassik 'Don't Mess Up My Hair', and the hilarious Little Teazer shoulda replaced the very kamp-lookin' Ruby Slippers, who really are tacky but without a sense of fun. Surely that's what Glam Metal should be all about?

And just what Savage (dis)Grace are doing on this album God only knows! If appearing on 'Speed Metal Hell' (another kompilation from the *New Renaissance* stable) and Brian Slagel's 'Total Destruction' album wasn't enough to put you off, they try lending a 'king lear' to 'Knightmare II', featuring the Rod. Remember him? Thought not! Gawd, this is tripe. *"I'll chop your head off,"* screams the Rod; this kid's on something and it's not overtime!

I could go on, but I won't. I'll spare you from turning into an airhead! Suffice it to say that Kalifornian Metal has had its day – bar Legs Diamond, Exodus, Slayer, Jet Boy and, oh alright, Metallica!

XAVIER RUSSELL

MORE REVIEWZ PAGE 16

KERRANG 5

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RAW POWER

FROM PAGE 13

AEROSMITH
'Classics Live'
(CBS 26901 import)
KKKKK

WE ALL now that Ted Nugent is a prat, right? In fact, the numb-brained Nug is so full of s**t that rumour has it he cleans his teeth with a loo-brush. But recently, just recently, he said something that . . . well, it must've been a slip of the tongue, but he said something that is actually *true!* What was this lyrical miracle? Let's see now . . . *"Anything by Aerosmith is cool"* . . . yeah, *that's* it. That's *it!*

For once, I have to agree with tiresome Ted. To me, Aerosmith are the epitome of rock'n'roll – sassy'n'sleazy, raunchy'n'rocky, boozy'n'bluesy – and I'll not have a single detrimental word said against 'em. Oh God (*aka* Joe Perry), I could sit and listen to this blinding Boston band strut through the 'Toys In The Attic's, the 'Draw The Line's, the 'Rocks' and the 'Rock In A Hard Place's all day and all night (and believe me, I *have!*), and the release of a new album from them is like a birthday for me. Gimme that bottle!

Needless to say, then, this new live opus from the Aeros is brilliant, brilliant, *brilliant!* Oh

STEVE TYLER: it's all too much!

sure, you're thinking I'm just being biased, but I don't give a monkey's. Five Ks? Watch this: *KKKKKKKKKK.* There, TEN! 'Train Kept A Rollin'', 'Kings And Queens', 'Sweet Emotion', 'Dream On' . . . a prodigious parade of r'n'r excellence that'll have you scouring the record shops like a drug-starved junkie in a desperate search for a fix of their back catalogue. Believe me, fools, believe me.

Recorded live between '77 and '83 and produced by Paul O'Neill, the album also features 'Mama Kin' (from 'Aerosmith'), 'Three Mile Smile'/'Reefer Headed Woman' (from 'Night In The Ruts') and 'Lord Of The Thighs' (from 'Get Your Wings'), and although five of the trax here also appear on the band's previous live album, 'Live Bootleg', it's nevertheless an essential purchase for . . . well, *anyone* who's into good rock'n'roll. Really, it's all too much!

And to add to the live material there's a new studio track too, entitled 'Major Barbara' and produced by Paul O'Neill and Tony Bongiovi. It's a bluesy sorta thing, with Perry wrenching out some fine slide-guitar and, although it sounds a little strange at first, it grows on you like mad after a mere few spins and . . . yeah, that's Aerosmith.

My only moan is that this isn't a ten-record boxed set, featuring *every* Aerosmith track recorded live . . . MARK PUTTERFORD

THE RAMONES
'Animal Boy'
(Beggars Banquet BEGA 70)
KKK

DANTE BONUTTO thinks that the Ramones are "the *original* Thrash Metal band". Well . . . I think that's maybe stretching even my withered imagination beyond the bounds of reason, but you can see his point. Speed, aurally and orally the mainspring of the quintessential Ramones sound, and a fevered desire to write songs with titles like 'Mental Hell', 'Eat That Rat' and 'Bonzo Goes To Bitburg'; that, and the fact that all the Ramones have long filthy hair and a penchant for adorning their blighted frames in ancient animal skins and worn-out denim, definitely provides a rhetorical link with modern-day Thrash. But there the comparisons die.

What the Ramones possess that no Thrash Metal band can share is their lobotomised sense of humour. That's why you also get songs with titles like 'Crummy Stuff', 'Apeman Hop', and, well, 'Bonzo Goes to Bitburg' again . . .

Produced by Jean Beauvoir, the former Plasmatics member also famous for his work with Kiss' Paul Stanley and Little Steven, 'Animal Boy' has a smart shiney sound and a handful of superior monents. The two tracks nominated to appear on the band's new double A-sided single, 'Something In My Drink'/'Something To Believe In' shine out, as does 'She Belongs To Me' and, uh, 'Bonzo Goes To Bitburg' . . .

Mmm, it must be something I didn't hear, I don't know, but I'm starting to feel really sick . . . THE RAMONES MAKE CRITIC FEEL SICK! Yeah, it has a nice ring to it. Hang on, I'm gonna puke.

BLAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGG-HHHHHHHHH!!!

That's better . . . It must be good stuff, this Ramones album; let's have some more. We'll start with 'Freak Of Nature' and take things from there.

Are you bored with this bit at the end yet? I am. See ya . . .

MICK WALL

BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND
'Like A Rock'
(Capitol Records EST2011)
KKKK

I'VE NEVER been what you could call a knowledgeable Bob Seger fan; outside of some ranting Pete Makowski reviews in *Sounds* back in the Seventies and a familiar, wise nod of the head every time the radio spews out 'Night Moves' or 'Still The Same' or 'Hollywood Nights', what I really know about Bob Seger's lengthy recording career you could print on Steve Joule's plonker . . .

But here I am with the new Seger album, 'Like A Rock'. And to my ears it sounds very much in the mould of classic Bob Seger – the honeyed slide-guitars and the sweetly growling lead vocals, the songs all full of the same middle-aged wisdom that knew enough to write something like 'Night Moves' all those years ago.

All of *Side One* is great: 'Miami' is hot with sleaze horns poured like poison over everything, and Don Henley makes an appearance on harmony vocals . . . 'The Ring', which closes the side, is what someone like Kenny Rogers *should* be singing, instead of that trite dollar-signed *schmaltz* he usually puts his name to. A great ballad, like a cheap dime-store novel maybe, but Bob has a way of making it sound haunting.

S**t, already out of space and no mention of the tracks-to-skip . . . Mmm . . . I think I'll let you work that one out for yourselves. Here's a clue. It definitely *ain't* 'Tightrope'; that one's great, prime-time Uncle Bob Seger, and the last of its kind, for my money, on the rest of the album. MICK WALL

MORE REVIEWZ PAGE 18

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FROM PAGE 16

KING KOBRA
'Thrill Of A Lifetime'
(Capitol Records 1C 064 24 0522 1 import)
KKKKK

KOLOSSAL! KILLER! Kaptivating! Kompelling! Kracking! Yep, the Ks are out in force, kidz, in honour of the big Double-K itself: King Kobra. And the kause of all this krazy, karefree K-skattering? The band's spanking new rekord, 'Thrill Of A Lifetime', which has fastened itself onto the Putterford turntable like a limpet and simply refuses to budge; more hooks than a kloakroom, more singles than a Geoff Boycott innings and a kwality, krystal-klear production. *Klassic!*

For those of you who don't know, King Kobra is the outfit which matches the tricks 'n' talents of Carmine (look, no K!) Appice, the dark-haired drumming veteran, with Mark Free (vocals), David Michael-Philips (guitar), Johnny Rod (bass) and Mick Sweda (guitar), a power-pack of pouting peroxide pups . . . and how well this Kingly kombination works! With sweet, mind-melting melodies from a perfect blend of kolourful keys and gliding guitars being brought to life by some strong, soulful vokals, the songs pour thickly through your ears and swill around your skull like a wondrous r'n'r whirlpool. This is the stuff Summer daze are made of.

And that really is the feeling you're left klinging onto after this 'Thrill . . .'. From the instantly seduktive 'Second Time Around', through Russ Ballard's excellently re-kreated 'Dream On' to kool-kat kutz like 'Only The Strong Survive' and 'Iron Eagle (Never Say Die)', you kan just klose your eyes and think of kruising down an endless Kalifornian freeway with a kase of kool beers.

Take 'Feel The Heat': a warm, breezy riff, koated with buoyant vocals and sprayed onto the finest elements of Journey, Springfield and Speedwagon. Feel the heat? And if that isn't enough, there's barely time to smooth on some sun-tan lotion before the title kut slides in to kontinue the track-after-track trend of prime US radio-rock.

But then komes the KK masterstroke – 'Home Street Home'. An unlikely kross between heavy funk and heavy rock, it features a Grandmaster Flash-type rap struttin' its thang between two spiralling 'n' spitting Metal guitars . . . and the result is phenomenal! A totally inspirational slab of rapper's delight!

All this and the deadly 'K Twins' still ain't finished. In a fittingly fab finale there's a titanic trio of tough-assed rockers (embellished by the inevitable katchy khoruses) to be dealt with: 'Overnight Sensation', 'Raise Your Hands To Rock' (naff title aside) and 'Party Animal' all karry the KK stamp of kwality and ensure that the album stays kompletely void of a duff track.

The honours for this magnificent multi-K show must be divided between all five Kobras, but for me Mark Free – who coincidentally (?) sounds a little like Paul Rodgers in places – komes away with top marks. As much as anything else, it's *his* voice which could make this album, if not your 'Thrill Of A Lifetime', then perhaps your 'Thrill Of This Year'.

KK? More like KKKKK!

MARK PUTTERFORD

KK: 'more like KKKKK!'

PEROXIDE PANDEMONIUM

38 SPECIAL
'Strength In Numbers'
(A&M AMA 51115)
KK½

WOW, I thought we just might get away with it here, but sadly it wasn't to be!

Now anyone who knows that 'Suvern' ain't necessarily Col. Sanders will be aware that the 38'ers dumped the twin-axe-toting chicken-scratch bizness many moons ago in favour of more commercially viable AOR. You know the score, muted guitars, silky smooth melodies, slap on a few keyboard smudges, get a copy to 'Del Boy' and, Whammo!, big buckeroonies!

Actually, 38 Special were rather good at this once upon a time, retaining a smattering of 'Suvern' roots to keep them that weeny bit unique. Now, though, tell-tale cracks are beginning to show. A Jim Vallance songwriting credit here (there and everywhere, incidentally), a Keith Olsen production there . . . this is Compromise City *in toto* and the band have now lost the individual edge that kept 'em out of the crass AOR cesspit.

All that's left in the Special's musical sperm-bank are a few catchy tunes that are as pretty as they are forgettable. Nice enough to nauseate and so squeaky clean that it's a positive sickener. Musical retrogression that positively infuriates with its lack of colour and character. A radio programmer's delight.

Just two tunes escape this net: opener 'Somebody Like You', which lifts off nicely enough with some chirpy chops, and 'Hearts On Fire', which actually sounds like the Specials playing what they *want* to be playing – commercial but with an insistent edge. Elsewhere, the titles should tell you all about it. 'Last Time', 'Once In A Lifetime', 'One In A Million' . . . vacuous, removed from reality, fake.

A serious case of 'No Squash Racket Mania'!

HOWARD JOHNSON

JOE COCKER
'Cocker'
(Capitol EST 2009)
KK½

ELSEWHERE IN this issue you'll find my review of Joe Cocker at the *Hammersmith Odeon*, a concert which very pleasantly surprised me. Live, Cocker is definitely worth checking out. On album, it's a different matter.

'Cocker' contains a fairly mixed bag of songs made to sound even more disparate due, I reckon, to the use of five different producers. With a solo singer, especially someone like Cocker, the difficulty is in finding the right material to draw out the kind of performances of which I now know he's capable.

KONTINUEZ PAGE 21

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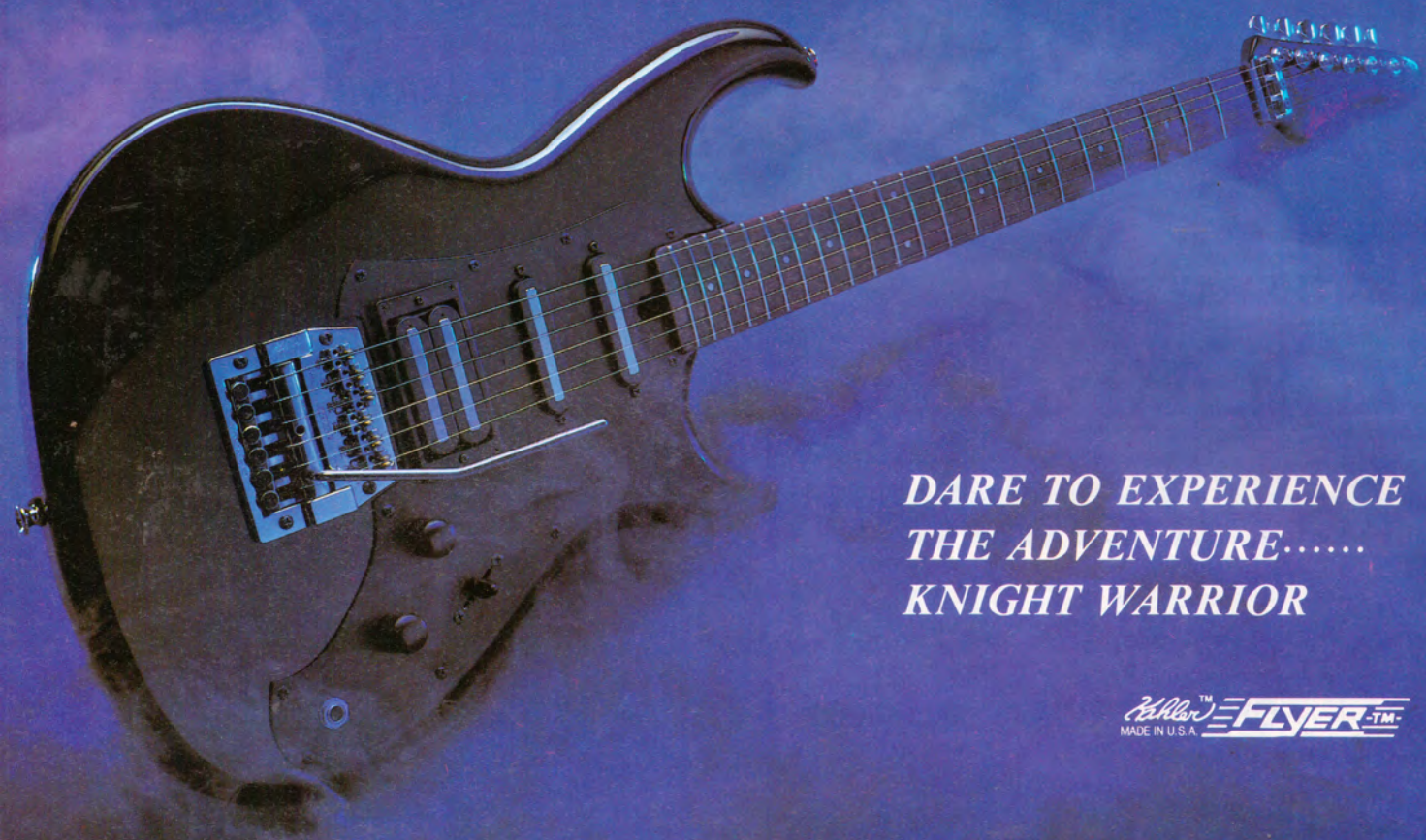

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FROM PAGE 18

One or two songs – 'Shelter Me', 'Don't Drink The Water' – with production by Terry Manning and Chic's Bernard Edwards respectively, are certainly listenable: the former a driving, strongly produced rocker, the latter more heavyweight with a Power Station approach to drums and guitar.

On the other hand, the ballads fail to even come close to the emotional level of 'Up Where We Belong' (recorded with Jennifer Warnes). Except, that is, for 'Heaven'. A standout track, it tugs strongly at the heart-strings, making the hairs on my arms stand on end, with Cocker putting in the kind of gutsy vocal performance missing elsewhere on this album but there in strength at *Hammersmith*.

PAUL HENDERSON

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Mad Trax II – Beyond Metal Zone'
(Music For Nations MFN63)
KKKK

HERE'S A good one to buy, actually. If you've got a loose fiver you're itching to unload, you could do a lot worse than buy this double-compilation extravaganza from the UK's spunkiest hard rock indie label, *Music For Nations*. '. . . Beyond Metal Zone' contains 14 tracks from 13 different acts – Legs Diamond getting two tracks to everybody else's one. And with one or two personal exceptions, every track is a little gem in its own right.

Opening with the rocking and a-rolling Surgin number, 'When Midnight Comes', everything starts great, then staggers sideways a little with 'Holocaust' by Savatage . . . I mean, as Xavier would say, 'Holocaust' is all right, but you know, oh, you know, oh, f**k it.

The Tygers Of Pan Tang follow with 'Waiting', which is a nice ride, if a bit on the long side, and Legs Diamond finally deliver what it is I've been expecting all this time with 'Fugitive', a number from their 'Out On Bail' mini-album; guitars purring, drums an angry storm of passion, the vocals hungry and cool. Oh *yerr* . . .

Side Two puts the boot in early, opening with the Metallica moonstomper, 'Disposable Heroes' . . . 8 minutes and 14 seconds of gonzoid mutant guitars and damning black vocals, pounded and driven into a fearful submission by the amphetamine waltz of the drums; pure merry hell, toothsome beyond imagination, one hit and you're hooked for life, Doc . . .

There's no possible way to follow a track like 'Disposable Heroes', but *MFN* go for it anyway with Baby Tuckoo and 'Over You'. Maybe four minutes of awful silence would have been more appropriate; Baby Tuckoo's song is a fine one, but I'm still on my Metallica thing, dammit, it hasn't stopped plaguing me yet . . .

Eric Martin closes the side with 'Lyin' In A Bed Of Fire', and a passable degree of normality is restored. Yeah, Eric's plenty bitchin', and, after all, on a nice day there's a little bit of the Bryan Adams in us all, I've always thought . . .

Side Three's a groove. Waysted saunter through the door with 'Hang 'Em High', and none of us are safe; boozy guitars, plenty of face-stubble on the vocals, bad-minded drums, here, give me that guitar, it's my turn . . . KLANG! KLANG! KLANG! BABY I'M YOUR MAN!!

Robin Trower then demonstrates just why a compilation album like this can be so nice. With 'The Last Time', from his *MFN* album 'Beyond The Mist', released and largely ignored last year, we have one of the best moments on this entire '. . . Metal Zone' release. And how many of you have ever heard the ill-starred 'Beyond The Mist' collection? No, me neither.

Ah, s**t . . . Here we go, space problems again from space-crazy editors. *Side Four* features, amongst others, 'Shy Girl' by Rio, and, best of all, 'Turn To Stone' by Legs Diamond . . . As these things go – and in this case it's going cheap at £4.99 – '. . . Beyond Metal Zone' is a gas of a sampler. You should at least try some.

MICK WALL

EL BOY: 'plenty bitchin''

FOREVER
'Forever . . . And Ever'
(Heavy Metal America HMUSA 66)
KK

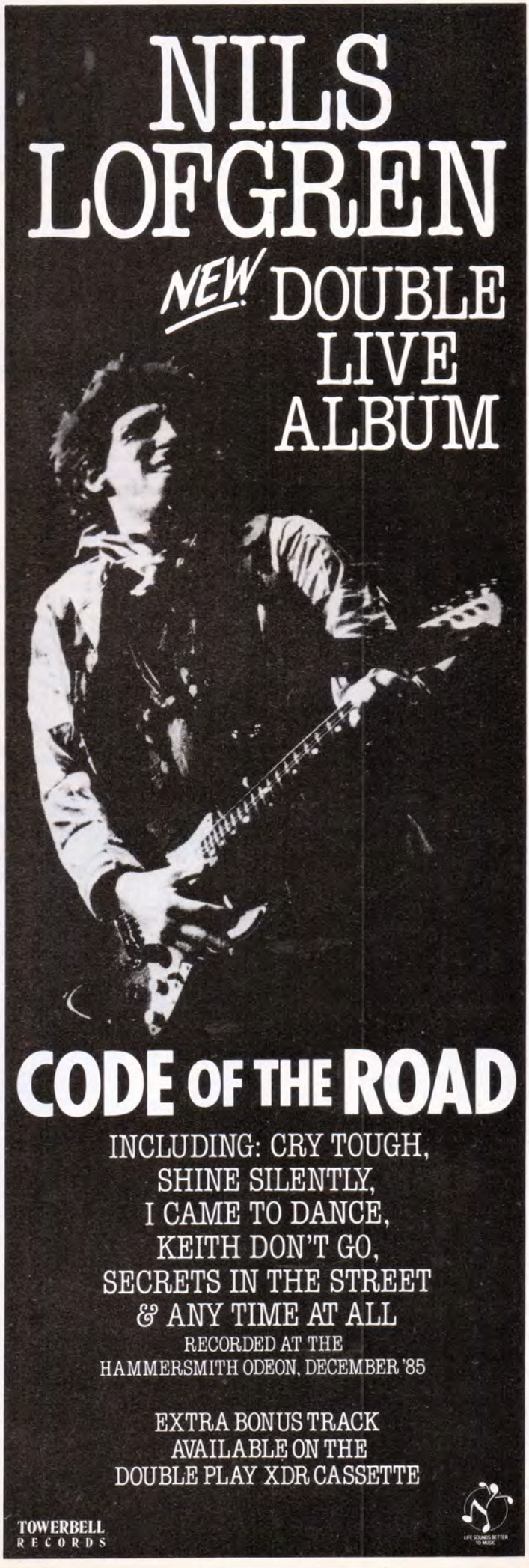
HOW BLACK was my Sabbath! Boy, have Osbourne, Iommi, Ward and Butler got a lot to answer for when this kinda stuff can come crashing outta the woodwork in deference to the Sabs. I mean, it's all very nice, the slow, nay snail-paced riffs and the doom-laden imagery, but talk about missing the boat!

Doesn't 15 years too late seem a little on the silly side to you? Yeah, well Quincy, Illinois, must be one of America's remotest backwaters to produce Forever in '86. Sad really, cos vocalist Jack Emrick has a good hard rock voice on him and the rest of Forever ain't exactly slouches either. It's just that when an album starts on such a slow, low point as 'Wicked Bitch' then you know there isn't too much hope ahead.

I *did* check it all out, but I needn't have bothered. Not hopeless, just utterly dull!

HOWARD JOHNSON

MORE REVIEWZ OVER PAGE



RANKELSON
'Hungry For Blood'
(Ebony EBON 34)
KKK½

LOOK AT that album title, go on *look* at it! Notice the corpuscles dripping around the edges?! Now, swipe a peek at the photo of this Welsh quintet on the album cover, go on, go peek-a-boo! Do you get the impression that what we're dealing with here is a dragons 'n' leeks version of Wrathchild? Hey, even the song titles add their lustre to the trash-glam style: 'Sex Slave', 'Hot Tonite', 'Abuser' . . . we're talkin' hot-kickin' Bartonian territory here, striktly for depraved droopy dolls.

Er, no we're not, folks. Put on the music and suddenly a whole new vista begins to emerge with a soft-focus melodic Hard Rock posture parading down the square. In fact, this LP has a great deal in common with Shy's first, near-klassik *Ebony*-released opus of some three years ago, 'Once Bitten . . . Twice Shy'.

It really does surprise me how tastefully tuneful Rankelson are when they get on the move. Their sound is full of spherical pomp images that range from cool-rain Styx to plains driftin' Kansas by way of a sharp, all-encasing guitar sound from Fox and the keyboard swathe of Ric 'The Ritz' Ferrar. Every track has a rollicking, sharp-shootin' gait that stirs the bowels and gets the stomach pumped up in a rather invigorating fashion.

Sure, the production is dull, but watch out for these boyos – I've a feeling we could be talking big-time explosions very soon.

MALCOLM DOME

RANKELSON: one for fans of 'spherical pomp images'

TOKYO BLADE
'Blackhearts And Jaded Spades'
(Tokyo Blade Records TBR 1)
KKKK

POOR TOKYO Blade. After an eternity slogging their guts out on the live circuit in both Britain and mainland Europe they've finally achieved a respectable, nay exceptional, representation of their 'sound' on this, their fourth album. But on the eve of its release vocalist Vicki (?!) James Wright announced his departure from the line-up. Strewth! There was I about to hail this lot as the UK's prime exponents of the 'flash rock' style (the Grip? Do me a favour!) and the bubble gets popped before I'm allowed to spread the news.

And with that thought in mind, any assessment of their potential based soley on this release has just got to be null and void. A pity, as it's no small secret that this forceful fivesome spent a long time working on this release in the hope that it would be the baby to place them on the launch pad to major recognition. Without Wright's leadership and exceptionally strong (but not brilliant) vocals, however, this might now be little more than a pipe-dream. Whatever the case, this album is a major achievement for a band who have for so long lacked a sense of cohesion and direction on vinyl. Live shows, on the other hand, have never been a problem – TB's overt energy and enthusiasm have always secured them a fanatical response and fully justifiable appreciation.

The sound this time around is not ragged but clean and polished (like Girl or maybe Leppard). Solos do not ramble or scream for hours on end but come and go in well-measured, manageable lengths. The character of the songwriting is no longer iffy and amateurish but pointed and exceptionally catchy.

Best of the bunch? Little to moan about with a whole host of mini-classes led by 'Always' (sassy), 'Playroom Of Poison Dreams' (forceful), 'Make It Through The Night' (layered) and 'You Are The Heart', a brilliant ballad featuring evocative strings (mellotron?).

All in all, then, a fine release marred only by Wright's departure. The band used Persian Risk man Carl Sentance for a recent tour of Europe supporting the Blue Öyster Cult, but there's no news of a *permanent* replacement as yet. Whether they'll be able to recover from this set-back is anyone's guess – mine is that they might just pull it off. Good Luck. DEREK OLIVER

MANILLA ROAD
'The Deluge'
(Black Dragon Records BD 010 import)
K

IT'S BEEN about a year since Manilla Road last graced my turntable with their unique brand of 'Metal torture' in the form of the 'Open The Gates' LP – believe me, it was more painful than an episode of 'Eastenders'. I quickly re-dubbed the album *'Shut* The Gates'!

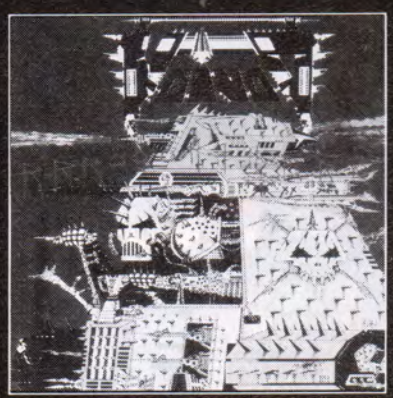
So here we are again with the 'The Deluge'.

"Well, the artwork looks great," snapped Deaf 'Onslaught' Barton, "can we hear the koncept side first?"

Eight minutes and 18 seconds later as the final chords of the title kut came to a splashing end the entire *Kerrang!* office cried "TAKE IT OFF!"

Sorry, lads, but I'm afraid the tide was OUT! I really find it hard to believe that tripe like this ever saw the light of day. So should the mother-in-law decide to pop round unexpectedly . . . just put 'The Deluge' on your deck and I guarantee she'll be out the front door in a jiffy! XAVIER RUSSELL

NOISE INTERNATIONAL



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ABSOLUT BEGINNERS

Currently burning up the US road as support to Ozzy Osbourne, METALLICA (pictured right) drummer LARS ULRICH takes time out to deny that the band have lost their sense of humour and insist that "we are getting back into shape for some serious drinking!" But the burning question remains: in their quest to become 'the people's HM act for the late '80s/early '90s', have the 'Master Of Puppets' mob abandoned their Thrash roots? Report by MALCOLM DOME. Pix by ROSS HALFIN

SUCCESS IS akin to a handcuffing sentence. In fact, I suppose sometimes the most proper definition for the term 'success' is 'public expectancy'. Those lucky enough to sell records, concert tickets and maintain a high media profile soon find the demarcation between public persona and private person all but erased. The luxury of freedom isn't something to which stars are privy; they are, by necessity, a confined species forced to amuse, entertain, shock and splatter. . . at the desirous whim of those masses. Welcome to the clay pit; the latest to take a concrete dive is Lars Ulrich from Metallica.

"I don't think our success has changed us as people at all. We are still the same lunatics as when this band first got going and never see ourselves as being on a higher level than the fans, but there are so many of them now displaying an interest in Metallica that we are being stretched.

"For example, after a gig all of us enjoy meeting the kids and signing autographs, but it becomes a real exercise when there are about 4,000 of them surrounding the tour bus. The demand on your time increases enormously.

"We have also begun to check into hotels under *pseudonyms* because everyone knows where the band are staying as our bus is parked right outside, and if the fans have access to you all the time then you'll be constantly disturbed *at any hour* by people trying to get passes for the following evening's show and so forth. Surely, even a successful rock band must have a certain amount of privacy?!"

Ulrich and his fellow road rats (lead guitarist Kirk Hammett, guitarist/vocalist James Hetfield and bassist/budding astronaut Cliff Burton) are clearly beginning to grow up and slip into the enormous responsibility that falls to those *fêted* (and perhaps *fated*) as stars. They are learning that sometimes even dying isn't enough for the kids who, through buying micro-slim pieces of plastic and paper adorned with the band's name, assume they own a part of your serendipity soul.

The quartet, who started by tuning up to the same note as a partially-revved 250cc engine somewhere in Garageland, San Francisco, are presently on the American road with the legend of excess, Ozzy Osbourne; it's a tour almost perfectly tailored towards their needs at this critical point in time.

"We couldn't have a better support slot than this one," enthuses Ulrich from his hotel room in Binghampton, Upstate New York.

"Ozzy attracts a really extreme crowd and as we are the most extreme of the up-and-coming Heavy Metal bands we are therefore getting the opportunity of playing to exactly the right audience.

"The band is getting a 55-minute set each night and are being given a great reception. Moreover, Metallica is getting first-rate treatment from the Osbourne camp.

"I guess big acts like him are beginning to realise that having a hot opening outfit, presented in a situation where they can play at their best and warm up the audience, will inevitably make the atmosphere even more electric for the headliners."

AT THE PRESENT time, the Ozzy/Metallica double header lies second only to the Aerosmith/Ted Nugent throwback tour as the biggest hard rock drawer on the US arena circuit, a testament not only to the double O phenomenon but also to Metallica's emergence as a force of international significance.

At the time of writing, 'Master Of Puppets' has just broken into the *Billboard* Top 30 cupboard and looks set to achieve official gold status within the hour.

On top of this, the LP (the band's third) also gained highly respectable chart positions across Europe. . . and even made Number 41 in the UK! Indeed, it is already the biggest-selling album *ever* put out by *Music For Nations* (who have the act signed for Britain and Europe).

"I guess we know that this band is starting to get genuine success because not only have we got two bottles of vodka *per* night on our dressing room rider, but this isn't just the cheap stuff we've been used to, rather it's *Absolut!* We're just wondering where we go alcoholically from here!"

Perhaps a quick call to Bourbon Towers and *avant-garde demi-god* Xavier Russell will supply the answer. . . now, isn't it strange that one can't get through a feature on Metallica, even in mid-'86, without a reference to the scribe who first pushed the boulder down the hill and helped the West Coast lads pick up valued momentum?!

Yet, by the same token there have been hints recently that the Suvern Rock Svengali has begun to question whether or not Metallica are taking themselves *far too seriously*. So, Lars. . . well, is Metallica a serious band now?

"Yeah, I know about Xavier's criticism (see Helloween album review, issue 117), but let me first of all point out that there's a difference between taking yourself seriously and *too* seriously. Metallica has always had a serious attitude towards what we do, but it never goes into the realms of the ridiculous.

"Look, in the studio when we are recording, all of us are very calm and moderate and our drinking consumption is restricted to the occasional *Carlsberg Elephant Beer* on a day off. Working on an album requires a clear head and we've never shirked from our responsibilities in this sphere. You'd be surprised at how professionally we operate whilst doing an LP because that's the only way to get the most out of the situation.

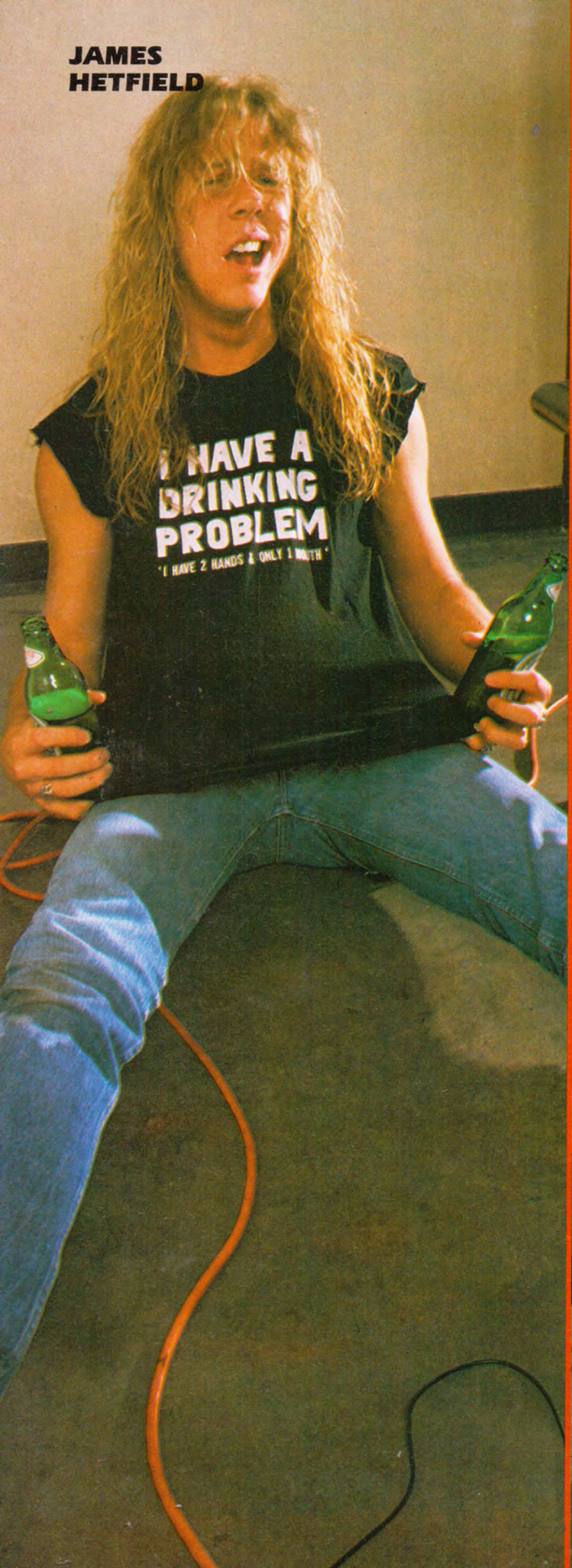
"But once we get back out on the road. . . well, the loony, crazy and drunk side of this band comes back to the surface again! Right now, we've only just begun a lengthy tour likely to take us all the way into '87 and we are getting back into shape for some serious drinking! In a way, Metallica is a Jekyll & Hyde band; there are two distinct sides to us and you have to accept that as you become more successful so the responsibilities on your shoulders determine that more mature behaviour is required."

SO LET'S talk a little about 'Master Of Puppets'. Praise has already been ladled into the coffers by many discerning quill quivering critics, our own Merlin Of *Moet* Mick Wall among them. My opinion isn't at all relevant at this stage, but let me at least put forward the following thoughts for the day:

This is the album wherein Metallica prove that they are,

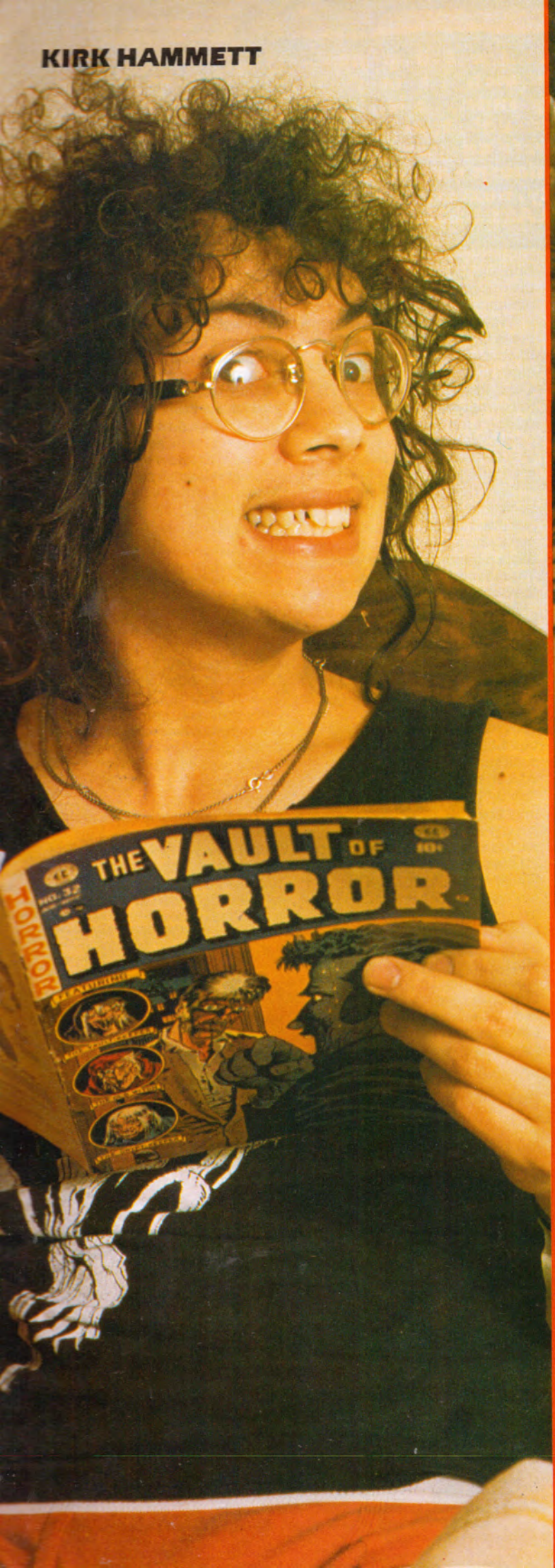
KONTINUEZ PAGE 28

"I don't think our success has changed us as people at all. We are still the same lunatics as we were when this band first got going and never see ourselves as being on a higher level than the fans at the shows . . ."
— LARS ULRICH



JAMES HETFIELD

LARS ULRICH


KIRK HAMMETT
THE VAULT OF HORROR
HORROR

KLIFF BURTON

ABSOLUT ALKOHOLIKS

FROM PAGE 24

indeed, a fine group of musicians who go rather beyond juvenility of playing on the *Black & Decker* range of buzz-infested implements.

In particular, Ulrich and Hammett emerge from the cocoon as craftsmen of distinction – *Wilkinson Swords*men against the cut-throat jagged razers so prevelant throughout many Sweeny Todds in the *neu* Metal slipstream.

Moreover, the band's lyrics do display a poetical sensitivity and depth of political thought that will surprise those who believe in the onomatopaeic approach (RROOAARRGGHH, BLEUGH, *etc*).

In these respects (not to dismiss an impressive mixing job from veteran Michael Wagener) Metallica have etched their finest product to date on to the latitudes and longitudes of vinyl graphology.

But (yeah, there had to be one of those) what gives me a case or three of the running bottom reservations is the fact this band have *progressed* so far that they're now only going through the motions with the blur Metal material which takes up so much of this LP.

You see, Metallica can play at hi-speed almost in their sleep (buzzzzz), it offers 'em no hint of challenge and the tracks in question (listen to the opus and they make themselves heard) don't tug at the rudder the way similarly-paced cuts could on the 'Kill 'Em All' and 'Ride The Lightning' LPs.

In truth, 'Master. . .' opens up a fresh, no less energetic, yet more stylish identity for Metallica and in doing so suggests that they've outgrown their Thrash roots. Is school out forever?

"I know what you mean, and I have to admit that the faster stuff does come easily to us now, so we try to maintain an interest in it by incorporating variations in tempo and mood.

"But the slower stuff has become our greater challenge.

"On the 'Ride The Lightning' album we learnt that you could still be powerful even if the pace was slowed right down and now we've understood that you can still hit hard even when there's subtlety in the music.

"We're right into using changes of mood and are trying to broaden out our musical base and I think this comes across really well on the new record, where we allow ourselves considerable breathing space and opportunity to go in any direction we so choose. This, in some ways, is down to the amount of time and money available for the recording of 'Master. . .' It was the first record where our US label, *Elektra*, got directly involved and the budget therefore was vastly increased over what went previously. And when there are less restrictions on you in the studio and you're not in a situation of having to rush things because the finances have run out then you can relax and experiment a lot more.

"In all honesty, this is the closest we've come yet to something that is genuinely satisfactory. Of course, no artist or musician is ever completely happy with a product, but in comparative terms 'Master Of Puppets' is something we're all proud of."

"Quite honestly, I'm rather fed up with the mentalities shown by so many Thrash acts; all they wanna do is play faster and faster. What does that prove? Anyone can concentrate on speed for its own sake, but this doesn't allow any room for subtlety, dexterity or growth. . ." – LARS ULRICH

AS ONE example of the thought and effort the band now put into presenting their art on a high-grade basis, listen to this snippet from Ulrich:

"I was having real difficulty getting a proper snare drum sound at *Sweet Silence Studios* (in Copenhagen) and Flemming Rasmussen (producer) had spent three or four days unsuccessfully trying to correct the problem. Eventually, I contacted our co-manager Peter Mensch who flew out one of Rick Allen's (Def Leppard and Metallica share the same management team, *Q-Prime*) snares. Now, this was a *Black Beauty*, which is a rare type that gives you an amazing sound. So, we set it up and it was just brilliant. I was delighted to have the opportunity of using it on the album.

"Now, they stopped making these in 1979 because they're so expensive, but by chance I came across one in a Copenhagen music shop and the owner sold it to me at the list price. . . *for '79*, which is considerably cheaper than the 2-3,000 US dollars you'd expect to pay these days!"

Does that sound to you like a back-alley copper bin buster?! Nah, we're talking about quality musicianship in Metallica these days, a band who've left their Thrash roots flailing lifelessly at the bottom of the compost pit.

But. . . were Ulrich's Uptempo Raiders ever *truly* a Thrash band? The answer is: probably not. True, the term was invented around *them*, but then Marillion were once deemed the progenitors of 'new progressivism' and they certainly always went beyond such restrictions. It's the acts who attempt to cash in on a 'trendy' style (you know who they are) that are inevitably happy to be shackled and padlocked by such a massively limiting musical definition, whilst the bands around for whom the notion was first groomed and broomed always offer far more than is suggested by categorisation. That's why Marillion are the only band to emerge from the so-called era of reborn prog-rock and why Metallica are the one group to blossom from the mud-bath of Thrash.

"I don't think that the word 'Thrash' ever applied to us, anyway. Sure, we were the originators of the style because of the speed, energy and obnoxiousness in our songs, but we always looked beyond such limitations and were better defined as an American outfit with European attitudes to Metal. I hate the notion of pidgeon-holing in rock and if we have to be seen as anything then let it be a power-based Metal band. I mean, what is *Avant-Garde*, Death, Hate Metal, anyway?!

"Quote honestly, I'm rather fed up with the mentalities shown by so many Thrash acts; all they wanna do is play faster and faster. What does that prove? Anyone can concentrate on speed for its own sake, but this doesn't allow any room for subtlety, dexterity or growth. Metallica is always seeking to improve, which is why we are getting attention now."

THE BAND will be returning to the UK during September for their first fully-inflated, lifejacketed tour as a headlining flotilla and then it's off to Europe before going out to Japan in November, possibly rounding off their 'Master Of Puppets' world tour with some selected bill-topping dates in America at the start of '87.

The pressure is now undoubtedly on Metallica to build on their sturdy base and carry on improving and refining their music whilst increasing their sales, yet never losing their power-module intentions. But rest assured, the best of Ulrich, Hetfield, Hammett and Burton has still to be seen.

The people's HM act for the late Eighties/early Nineties? Yeah, perhaps that's the best way of summing 'em up.

And, by the way lads, once you've exhausted the inspiration from *Absolut*, the next step is *Mescal* – worm, 'Krusher' an' all!

PUPPET PICKERS: James Hetfield (left) and Kirk Hammett

ONE DEVICE AT A TIME

MALCOLM DOME applies himself to DEVICE, the new band featuring HOLLY KNIGHT, hit songwriter for stars like Pat Benatar and John Waite

ADMIRATION IS a many-splendoured talisman. I mean, when it comes to females one has to follow instincts, right? You get used to 'admiring' various *femmes* for widely differing reasons. Fiona for . . . well, let's leave that one to your imagination; Jane Fonda for (censored); Sue Lawley for those legs; Tina Turner for that voice . . . and Holly Knight for her songwriting.

You probably won't be familiar with Ms. Knight, not unless you check penmanship credits closely on hit singles, but take it from me that if great songwriting was an aphrodisiac for anyone other than Del Boy an' his hot water bottle then Holly would attract enough suitors to make Joan Collins seem like a frigid nun on a bromide drip! This New York-born, Los Angeles-residing lady is something rather special.

Over the past few years, Holly has played her part in the careers of Pat Benatar (co-writing 'Love Is A Battlefield'/'Invincible'), Tina Turner ('Better Be Good To Me'/'One Of The Living'), Animotion ('Obsession'/'I Engineer'), Patti Smyth And Scandal ('The Warrior'), Heart ('Never') and John Waite ('Change'). It's a quill-quivering list that's arguably only matched by Russ Ballard and puts her straight into my list of 'admired females'. What's more, her tunes and lyrics are often challenging, always intellectually stimulating and possessed of a unique, hypnotic, hollow-cheeked philosophy.

"Sometimes when I write it's almost like going on an acid trip. I have so much to say in my songs and simply can't contain it. It's also like the act of giving birth, I should imagine. Writing songs is the only constant in my life."

HOLLY KNIGHT is a lovely yet difficult, diffident person to get to know. Sitting with her at *Chrysalis's* offices in London (why? We'll come round to it, gimme a chance) it's all-too obvious that she's not a star with superficiality as a handy cloak and a ready, toothpaste-smile waiting to be applied at the slink of a camera, the grind of a cassette player. This is a *real* person with plaintive emotions and strangely barrier-less thoughts. During the hour or so I spent with Holly, I felt at times rather like a surgeon probing into deep wounds best left unturned. In a way, it is part of my job to act as a lightning rod for others' interpretation, but . . . an exorcist? Never!

Holly Knight is a very sweet, rather lovingly forlorn, perhaps lonely woman who has a rich gift for providing others considerably less endowed with the means to peck at the leaves posted atop the very pinnacles of the branches.

If there has been even a sniff of integrity around the edges of the music industry, then her own band of just a few years ago, Spider (occasionally spelt 'Spyder'), would by now have achieved major status. Instead, after a couple of failed yet excellent Metal/pop albums ('Spider' and 'Between The Lines' for Mike Chapman's label *Dreamland*, with distribution through *Polydor*), the band disappeared, leaving guitarist Beau Hill to go to Ratt/Fiona-inspired production honours, drummer Anton Fig to join cosmic forces with Frehley's Comet . . . and Holly to pursue the delicate art of rubbing noses with other people's hit singles.

But now, after an hiatus of some five years Holly Knight has shifted out her keyboards once more and put together a trio under the monicker of Device, an outfit that to me represent all the finest epaulettes to be found among those trading in modern rock. As with Animotion, Rick Springfield, Eric Martin and (yes) Fiona, Device combine a basis of damn fine songs (Holly-penned, *naturelment*) with powerful, empathetic, traditional values of hard rockin' music such as driving-through-the-pouring-rain lead vocals (supplied by one Paul Engemann) and the *poltergeist* guitaring of Gene Black (once a member of legendary cult act Marcus and also a former Prism figure).

Yet, throughout, the measured strides of Mike Chapman's production places the emphasis on state-of-the-art studio electronics (all the drums are triggered) . . . and it works! Anyone who has, like me, a fascination with hybrid rock will find '22B3' (the unusually-titled debut album to be put out on May 26) irresistible. But why does a successful songwriter like Holly decide, almost at the pinch of a whim, to perform again?

"I guess I've always admired those songwriters who are also capable of playing themselves, people like Sting and Bowie. They're the real talents. Besides I've never lost my enthusiasm for getting up and performing. And this band isn't just an ego trip for me, if that were the case then I'd have tried to take all the lead parts myself. Instead, I've tried to create a genuine group."

THE DEAL with *Chrysalis* seems to have come about because the project's producer, Mike Chapman, had dinner one night with the bosses of the label and on the strength of Holly's name alone, a contract was rapidly hammered out. And, free-basers, there are plans afoot for the mob to tour in the near future, with augmenting musicians.

It might take some time for a world more used to musical puppets to come to terms with someone possessing the gigantic talents of Holly. Yet, this is one woman who is destined for an honoured place among the constellation of rock 'n' roll stars. Besides, she's quite cute . . . and that still counts for something with the *Kerrang!* lecher krew.

With a little luck and a lot of *Jack Daniels*, I'll get the chance to do a more in-depth piece with Holly (no bedroom scenes, honest Geoff) in the near future, maybe at a time when she's a little more relaxed in her new-found role of band leader. Until then, I'll leave you with this plea: buy the bleedin' LP!

DEVICE (l-r): Paul Engemann, Holly Knight and Gene Black

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THE LORE OF THE LAWLESS

Is BLACKIE still tacky? Have W.A.S.P.'s new-found stadiarock sensibilities caused 'em to abandon their old 'wild, funny and outrageous' ways? SYLVIE SIMMONS asks the searching questions and finds out all about the 'fire-resistant crotch'(!) and the 'codpiece that shoots flames'(!!)

THE THEATRE's next door to the Christian Science Reading Room. It's twee, decorated inside to look like an exact replica of Ron-and-Nancy's country hideaway, nice respectable Santa Barbara, and makes a pleasant change from cherubs. There's a lot of 13, 14-year-old girls in spandex and teeth-braces milling about, but the place isn't what you'd call packed. W.A.S.P. – in the middle of a tour opening for Kiss – have chosen this strange place for a one-off headliner.

It's been a while since I saw W.A.S.P.. And if that *Lyceum* gig was a million miles away from when I first used to see them at the loo-sized *Troubadour* (the old Leather Construction Workers From Satanville with the meat and the blood and the B-movie gore with the bare bums and the finger in the face of anyone who doubted that if the road to Hell was paved with rock 'n' roll, Blackie and the boys were taking a pneumatic drill to the sidewalk), this show's a whole different world.

What you got is four giant W.A.S.P. heads plopped on barbers' poles and a couple of ramps and a platform for much running about and other rockstar stuff. More of a slick, organised *show*.

I can't help it if I prefer *tacky*, but I guess tacky doesn't translate into stadiums which is where W.A.S.P. have been these past months, as I've already told you, doing a grand job opening for Kiss. Music sounds great, though. A couple of spandexed girls throw steak onstage in memoriam; Blackie just kicks it off.

IT'S INTERESTING getting to see and talk to a band you've supported from the days the little greased foetus slithered into existence, more interesting for me, I gather, than for Blackie, but then interesting's one of those words, isn't it?

We're sitting on two matching hotel beds at the Riot (Hyatt) House on Sunset, separated by a hotel bedside table with a tape recorder on it. His girlfriend Monica, star of the 'Wild Child' and 'Blind In Texas' videos, is sitting in the corner. Blackie is wearing white and looking good, slim, but not too amenable, though there's still the occasional contagious burst into laughter when one of the absurdities of life dives into his brain and does a double jack-knife off his tongue onto the C90.

We're not seeing eye-to-eye on this *show* business. I say the music's improved several hundred per cent, but the show's sacrificed humour for rockstar slickness. He says, "It's just as tacky now" and they were always musically brilliant. You come in halfway through the discussion.

"I have more *fun* doing *this*. You have to understand that what you saw before was a headline situation, us calling all the shots. Now we're in a support situation and you have to play ball."

But you were headlining last night, I say.

"Well, we can't exactly just change everything we're doing for one single show." Fair enough. And as for this supporting business, "It's like jail – to get along you go along. We're getting away with murder compared to what most support acts would get away with, but it's only because other acts know what we're worth drawing-wise."

So it's a case of nibbling a little s**t if not exactly having to eat it? Blackie shrugs. "We do a lot more than most support bands do."

They wanted to do more – like make the giant heads go up and down on hydraulic lifts – but that's hard to do when you've got to get your stuff offstage in 15 minutes for the Big Boys to come on. As for that other matter:

"The reason you feel like you do about the music is because you're now listening with your *ears* instead of your *eyes*. We're not musically any better or tighter. When we were playing the *Troubadour* there were nights we were so tight we were *scary*. And no-one heard it," he tells me, "because they were listening with their eyes. This band was good from day one."

Sure. Didn't I always say it was? But it was also wild and funny and outrageous and all the things American Metal wasn't at the time. Has W.A.S.P. lost its sense of humour along with its tackiness, I ask? You *were* tacky.

"We were," Blackie smiles. "We were the most horrible rock 'n' roll band that God ever created – or maybe not God, I don't know who it was; it was *me* – we were ugly, we really were. And I like that, for the stage I was at in my life. But I've changed. I think the reflection from the first W.A.S.P. album to 'The Last Command', that quantum leap that we took from album one to album two that you will also hear from album two to album three, the personal statements too – where I am in my life," says Blackie. "Musically we're much more sophisticated. Just songwriting-wise . . .

"That was fun then, but I'm also having fun doing what I'm doing now. I don't think that it's as polished as you're saying it is."

"Whipping the woman onstage . . . just bored me to death!"

I SAW HIM running up the little platform in his tasselled boots, I say, doing a Paul Stanley wiggle and running down again.

"Paul Stanley wiggles? Well those are all moves that he got from Tina Turner, so it's all by proxy, any way you want to look at it, and she probably stole it from Little Richard!" A laugh. "It's funny, because I watch him come out on the stage now and I see him doing some of *my* moves."

That's fighting talk!

"It *is*! I *know* what's mine, and when I see him doing some of the stuff I'm doing – I don't know whether he just likes it or he's trying to break my balls or what," Blackie chuckles. "It's kind of funny. Hey, everybody takes from everybody else!"

Talking of balls, there's word Kiss wouldn't let Blackie use his new *pièce de resistance* in the opening slot, the Notorious Inflammable *Exploding Codpiece*, but Blackie won't say; it should turn up on their next tour, opening for Iron Maiden in Europe with some headlining dates of their own thrown in. But where were we?

"I *move* more now than I used to a year ago – for one because I lost all the weight, but it's also a different type of show now than it used to be. If you think this show's flashy, wait till you see what we're going to do next year, it's *really* going to be extravagant! I always have fun creating new stuff, and you know I like doing something different all the time. Even in the early days. It turns into a bit of a drudgery when you go out and do the same show for a year."

Like he got sick of whipping the woman onstage – thankfully – night after night.

"It just bored me to death! The last time we did it was in Japan. I was *tired* of it. You try and go out and put your heart into it every night, but my attention span isn't that long," he laughs.

He didn't want it to become an AC/DC thing, like Angus having to bare his behind every time.

"Right. That's not me. I hear that some people are disappointed when they find out that there's no meat, no blood and that stuff; but it's important to understand that artists change. I would rather change and leave them wanting more than to come back and do the same show a second year and run the risk of them getting bored with me before I get bored with myself. The important thing to remember is every time you pull out some sort of killer blow from the show, you'd better replace it with something just as good if not better. That's where the codpiece that shoots the flames was going to be a really big deal. We've got it," he says. "It's sitting in the case ready to go."

Isn't it a bit, uh, dangerous, I wonder? "Yes," he says. "Very."

Isn't he frightened of acquiring a Hitlerian anatomy? He tells me about the "fire-resistant crotch" of the new W.A.S.P. pants.

How do you practice for something like that, I want to know?

"You don't," he grins. "You just go for it." And take a lot of painkillers? "No, it's not too bad." Nonetheless, "it shoots from here to the wall," says its proud inventor. "Yeah, it's amazing . . ."

I REMEMBER Blackie saying he never wanted to get to the point where the band was overwhelmed by the props. Does he still feel that way?

KONTINUEZ PAGE 32

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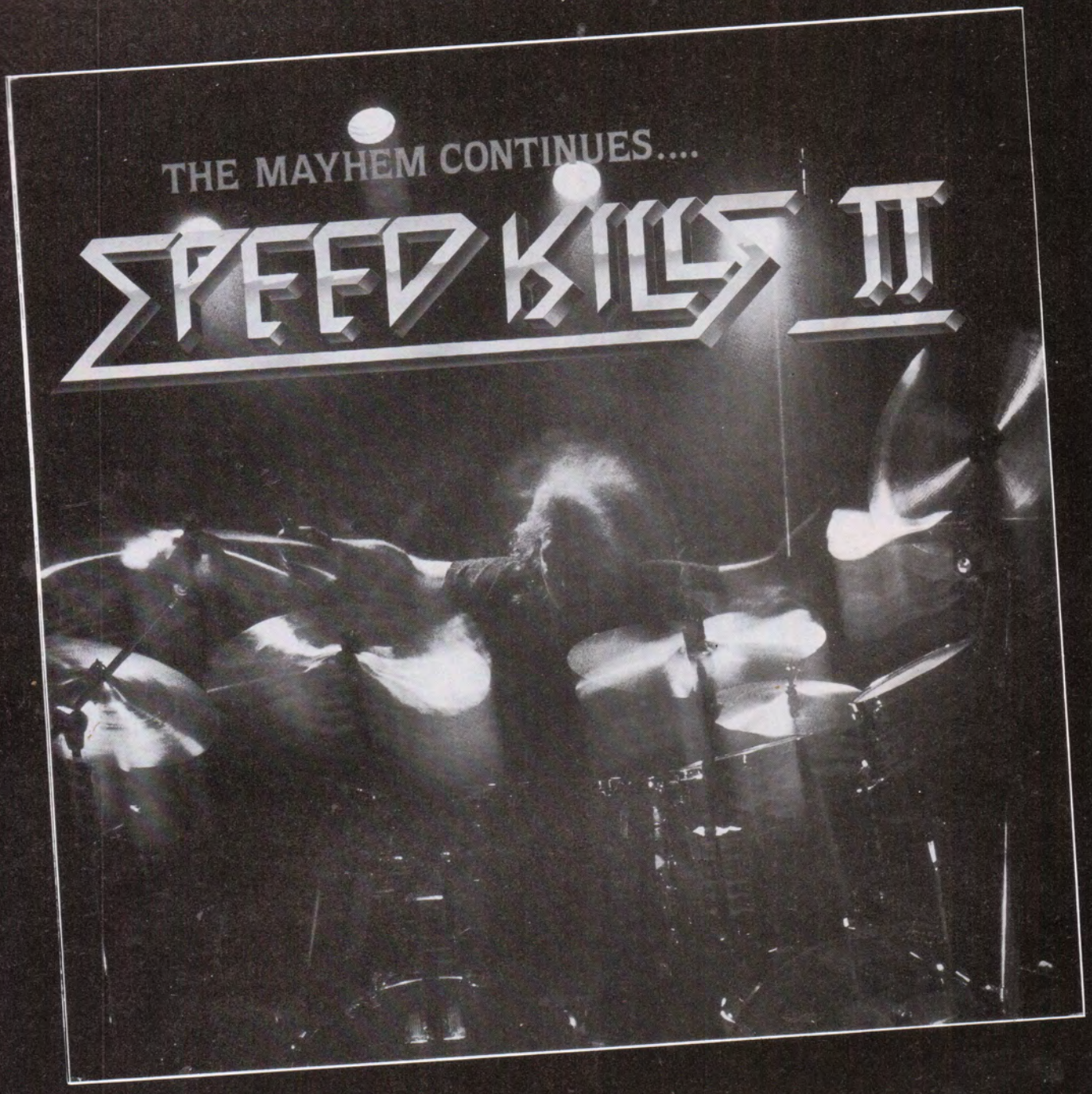

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LORE

FROM PAGE 30

"In those days I think people perceived us as being overwhelmed by the props, but the band never did. We knew how tight we were. I see the band as flamboyant and theatrical – we don't walk out with pyjamas on and sneakers, which might be *good* come to think of it! What we've done is we've traded in that early psychodrama for some big staging, because when we moved up to 15,000 seaters you couldn't see the meat, the only thing you could see was the rack.

"And when we came back to America we never did the rack here because I personally felt that was a little bit too violent for America. Because America likes to parrot things. They don't do that in Europe and they don't do that in Japan because they understand it for what it is – it's *theatre* – but over here you get some folks that take things a little too seriously." Hell, the man was *shot at* once, for crying out loud!

"It's funny how that kind of stuff followed us around the US without us doing it. I think people think they saw it," he laughs, "because they saw so many pictures. It's amazing what people see onstage that never takes place."

Like Ozzy biting the heads off live chickens.

"Yeah. I think people want to believe a big lie as opposed to the boring truth."

One of the biggest differences between the W.A.S.P. I saw last night and the early days, I tell him, is the audience. Back then there were a lot of punks, an older, more hardcore crowd. Now there's fresh-faced girls and their boys-next-door.

"I don't think we've *lost* anything," says Blackie, going into a thing about aiming for a demographic of heavy rock and punk in the beginning. "I just think we've added onto what we already had, and therefore it *looks* like it's changed. The vast majority of our fans in America are guys still. Then again, you have these feminist movements in America that you don't have overseas, so women feel more free to be aggressive here. You'd never see that in Japan or Europe."

But back to the audience change, or addition, or whatever. When they played the *Troubadour* they could say stuff like they did before 'Wild Child' and 'Love Machine' about f**king little girls until they were dead and the crowd got the joke; but when 13-year-old girls start cheering them on, it's a bit, well, unsettling, isn't it?

"You've got to remember that at 14 years old, where kids are at a stage of their life when they're literally OD-ing on hormones every day, their curiosity is probably greater than it is when they're in their twenties, because they've got all these parts of their bodies that are starting to do things," he laughs, "that they never thought they could do before. Some of them are putting it into practice, some of them are just thinking about putting it into practice, and it's all new and it's not like when you get in your twenties and it's 'OK, I've done this, what's next?'

"I told people at the beginning of this tour, this show would be more sexually-oriented than the last one was, and the one that comes after this will probably have just as much of the sexual connotations, but it's going to be even more flashy, probably more like Las Vegas meets Heavy Metal."

EXCEPT LAS Vegas isn't having anything to do with Heavy Metal. They've banned the stuff – including W.A.S.P., who were meant to play there last night – same as they banned Twisted Sister, all to do with this Senator's Wives PMRC business that Dee Snider's talked a lot about and Blackie "won't dignify with an answer".

So we talk about that for a bit and about the LA scene for a bit longer, and Blackie says he's no idea how it's doing since he's never here any more, and when he is he has to stay in a hotel in his Home Town for Chrissakes! And he tells me his definition of success is "Self-satisfaction, not money, not notoriety, or fame. When I'm in the hotel and I'm looking in the mirror, it doesn't get more intimate than that, and you'd better like what you see." He likes what he sees *and* what he hears, he says. "The best way for me is to have to answer to *myself*; that keeps me right on the ground."

Does he find it easy to be honest with himself? I tell him of the reputation he's been getting for having an ego that's growing pretty big.

"Sylvie, my feet are on the ground. I'm still a regular guy. I think the thing people might have picked up on off of me which I'll tell you right now is I'm a lot more selfish with my time than I used to be, because I haven't had a break in two years, my patience is quite a bit thinner than it used to be, I snap more because of that, and I think people interpret that as being ego. It's not ego. It's self-preservation. But I ain't different.

"If anything I'm more *low-key* than I used to be, because the show does the talking, the music does the talking for me. I still like to amuse myself with the funny little sayings, like 'electric vaudeville', and things like that, but I don't have as much mental energy to get into my Muhammed Ali routines like I used to."

THE REST of the year's just as busy. W.A.S.P. start a new album in June, come to England in October to promote its release, spend two months in Europe, then back to the States for a tour that will keep them going until late 1987.

"I'll keep going as long as I think we can keep doing the show we're doing now. And when the quality – be it musical or visual – is not what it is, when we can't do the show the way it should be and we become a parody of ourselves, that'll be the time to stop.

"And until that happens," Blackie grins, "then we're going to be around aggravating everybody for a long long time."

STAY UGLY

HOWARD JOHNSON plays 'spot the braincell' with ageless RAMONE brudders JOEY (right) and DEE DEE

WOT? NO LEATHER? Disappointing indeed to see frontman Joey Ramone, more *gauche*, quirky, *gauche* and downright odd than any photo could show, without the obligatory leather! Still, certain things don't change. Bass player Dee Dee's happily steaming around the *Kensington Hilton* as a Maninblack, and here are the two Ramonic figureheads letting that horridly lazy New Yawk drawl slide out in deference to their tenth album, 'Animal Boy'.

Certain things don't change. Dee Dee and Joey still sound as short upstairs as they ever have and they're still pumping out their renowned brand of hard rock 'n' roll to the delight of many and the despair of even more. Certain things, however, do change. Like the inclusion of not one, but TWO softies on the new record! Tears have already been noted in the eyes of one diehard Ramones fan I know. So pacify him, willya guys?!

"It's not a poppy album," insists Dee Dee, "far from it. In fact, it's very, very hard core, but we're musicians, so why can't we spread out and do other things? The Temptations didn't play hard core, but they were a great band."

OK, but does it bother you being dismissed as bratty street punks and nothing more?

"Nah, not really," states Joey, still hiding from any form of human contact beneath that mop of hair and the . . . er . . . rose-tinted spectacles. "We do the music that we feel we're best at. In general, we're at our best singing about the problems of 15-year-old kids."

Isn't that a weeny bit tough when you've waved bye-bye to ciggies behind the bike-shed many moons ago?

"Nah, we're ageless!" laughs Joey.

"It *is* hard," counters Dee Dee. "I see all the young kids at our shows and I dunno what's going on in their minds. What's worse is that they look to me to see what's going on. It's weird, but it's nice in that at least it shows that some young girls have got taste!"

AND I for one would be at the head of the queue in keeping the Ramones just the way they started out. Somehow, it doesn't fit all that comfortably onto their pudding-bowl barnets when they take on the world's problems all the time. There were moments when their fine last album, 'Too Tough To Die', was in danger of being a touch too po-faced . . .

"Yeah, I lost that sick humour for a while," confesses Dee Dee, "but it's definitely on the way back! We just laugh a lot of things off these days. You can't take songs like 'Eat That Rat' all that seriously. It's kinda half-and-half on the new album. 'Something To Believe In', which we co-wrote with our producer Jean Beauvoir (former Plasmatic), is really, really serious. I was glad we did a serious album in 'Too Tough . . .' but the next one is gonna be back to fun all the way. We think we're gonna call it 'Worm Man'!"

As a nice counterpoint to all this serious politics that's going down right now?

"Yeah! What are we gonna do about this? I do have some sympathy with the American attitude to Libya, but Reagan could go too far and blow up the world! I mean, I wanna live for at least five more years!"

"Or at least until this album comes out," adds Joey.

Which should be on May 19 through *Beggars Banquet*. And should you buy it? Probably. It's taken me a wee while to tune into this one, veering as it does from very primitive garage-Thrash to real sugary stuff, but it's growing on me all the time. How will it do?

"It should do OK," says Dee Dee, "but we don't tend to worry about that kinda thing too much any more. Sure, it'd be nice to have a hit single but we're proud of what we've done and what we're doing and we think that's the main thing.

"We've had a lot of flak from our various labels in the past about finding hits. We'd always want to produce ourselves and they would say that we needed a producer to stop our album being a flop! Well they flopped anyway!" He guffaws. Which we all know is not *quite* true.

The Ramones have always retained their steady following and seem to be in the position of never having to worry about selling records again. I wouldn't say there's any danger of them going stadia-size and I bet they wouldn't either, but these Ramones are a happy lot.

STILL, THEY *should* have had hits, for example the 'Howling At The Moon' single from 'Too Tough To Die'. Produced by no less a luminary than Dave Stewart, the great man even promised the boys that if it wasn't a hit he'd eat his leather jacket (or something like that!) . . .

"It was kinda like a semi-hit," says Dee Dee. "It did OK in the States but it was the same old story of the record company (*Sire*) not getting behind it enough."

Are you going to give Stewart a second crack at the whip?

"Don't think so," says Joey, "but he's probably too busy to get involved with us again anyway."

"But the 'Too Tough . . .' album was a very valuable one for us to make," claims Dee Dee. "From my own point of view, it really taught me *how* to make a record, in the technical sense. It did nicely enough too and I think it gives us a real sound base with which to go into the future."

A future which certainly doesn't look bleak. Dee Dee and Joey, old campaigners both, don't seem to possess the joyful exuberance of those ten years younger than them, but that's really not the point is it? If they did, then I'd suspect them of taking more than just sugar in their tea!

Nah, the point is this. They still have a genuine interest in what they do without all the glib, 'Yeah man, our new album's bloody wild, I'm tellin' ya' bull. The funny thing is, I've got a sneaking suspicion that they've still got it in 'em to be 'bloody wild' when they tread the boards on tour.

They're happy to be signed to *Beggars Banquet* in the UK, ("the best label we've ever been with"); they're happy to have learnt to play a bit ("I've faked the bass for over ten years, quite an achievement" – Dee Dee); and they're happy that this is what they do in life . . .

"YEAH, WE'VE made a bit of money," says Dee Dee, "and this is better than working in a supermarket, let me tell you!"

You don't need to mate, you don't need to. If you wanna witness something uniquely earthy and homely, something devoid of both pretension and *cliché*, then go look at the Ramones on their current UK tour or even purchase the new LP 'Animal Boy'. Better than home cooking!

Pic Ray Palmer

motörhead

Pic Fin Costello

"IT SOUNDS great . . ."

Eh, what's the new album like then, Würzel?

"It sounds great . . ."

Eh, what's the road drill outside sound like then, Würzel?

"It sounds great . . ."

Eh . . . oh this is getting silly, isn't it, and the point about this small snippet ain't to make any smart remarks about England's best-loved Neros of noise. No, let's get *sear*-ious about matters.

We've had to wait over three (count 'em) years since the good ship 'Another Perfect Day' (a fave with 'Krusher', a rave with *Medi-Tissue* Wall . . . and scarcely played by yours truly) was launched off the dockyard by the now dismantled *Bronze* label. Since then, . . . well, the changes have been documented sufficiently to leave me merely with the task of updating events on the Motörhead quarter deck, OK? So, here goes . . .

The quartet have spent most of the past two or three months working assiduously on the long-awaited *studio* follow-up to 'APD' with acclaimed (not to mention expensive) producer Bill Laswell. Recording took place at the all-new 48-track *Master Rock Studio* in the shamrock-shaped heartland of London's Kilburn district and the tapes were then swung high into the saddle of a passing albatross and flown over the Atlantic to find a home for a brief time at *Powerstation*

The word is that the long-awaited new MOTÖRHEAD album 'Riding With The Driver' will 'do for Metal what "Eliminator" did for ZZ Top's brand of music'. At least, that's what MALCOLM DOME heard, and guitarist WÜRZEL ain't arguing . . .

Studios in New York, where Laswell has been mixing them down into a finished release-worthy product.

Now, all that remains is for the public to be given an opportunity to pass comment over the counter. This will happen imminently, when 'Riding With The Driver' (the title of the aforementioned opus) splatters onto the cobblestones as the first album from newly-formed *GWR Records*. The current date for this major event in the history of pub-crawling is around July 14, the release having been put back by a month from the schedule announced in *Mayhem* last issue due to the fact that, according to Würzel, "there are still one or two bits and pieces to tidy up and Bill Laswell isn't free until the end of the month to continue the work."

Eh, what's the new album like then, Würzel?

"It sounds great. No really, I know that's precisely what you'd expect me to say but we're all very happy with the way it's turned out. What we've done is take the essential sound of the band and update it. In fact, I've played the rough tapes to loads of people (except me, you bugger) and they've all commented on how well we've retained our style.

"Bill Laswell was really good to work with; he's a good laugh and has a very impressive outlook on production. It was a pleasure being involved with him."

GWR have now tied up a distribution deal with *PRT* in the UK, but are still on the lookout for a similar contract in the States, although there have been a number of approaches from major sources, all it seems rather keen on what they've heard of the new 'Head. And by the time these boys get their passports stamped at a suitably bemused immigration point and go trapping out on the US trail (early Summer) once more, then a deal will definitely be inked.

Prior to the American trek, though, the Motör show will be taken once more around the UK, playing in all the nooks and crannies capable of withstanding the poly-decibel armada – *and* Lemmy's fruit-machine mania. However, despite the fact that the bludgeon brigadoons haven't been on a British stage since their tenth anniversary shows at the *Hammersmith Odeon* last June, they've not been idle on the live front, having just completed a European tour, headlining a package that also included at various points both Manowar and Exciter.

"It's amazing how well we did, doing sell-out business everywhere. When you consider that we haven't had any product out for so long it's quite something to be doing so well. They even went crazy for us in Switzerland . . . and nobody gets a mad reception over there, do they?"

Right, that's brought the Motörhead story slap-bang-wallop up to date. For a list of tracks from the forthcoming album ("Why did we call it 'Riding With The Driver'? Well, why not?! Seriously, though, there's a song on the LP with that title and it just sounded good for the overall title") take a peekaboo at *Mayhem* in the last issue, wherein you'll find all the details your pounding heart could desire.

I just wish I could end with an opinion on 'Riding . . .', but at the time of writing I haven't heard a squeak or tweak from it, so I'm forced to fall back on the fact that those who *have* seem mightily impressed with what has been achieved. One person even went so far as to claim that "this is the finest HM album of all-time. It'll do for Metal what 'Eliminator' did for ZZ Top's brand of music".

We shall see; in the meantime, what cannot be denied is that there is a very strong, positive feeling in the music industry for the 'original Metallica'. Who knows, perhaps my prediction of a headlining Motördate at New York's *Madison Square Garden* before this year has been drunk dry (see the debut issue of *Mega Metal)* won't be so far off beam. See ya down the front, fellas.

Until then . . . Eh, that curry you had last night, what was it like then, Würzel?

"It sounds great . . ."

FREAKIN' OUT THE BRONX

Crime, passion and perversion behind the Iron Kurtain as the 'Baxter Brothers' hit Budapest. DAVE DICKSON travels to Hungary and risks life and limb to transmit Part One of an epic report from the files of UFO

LIKE THIEVES in this stolen moment, we slip, silently, across the border. . .

Whatever visions of stealth and romance I might have entertained on this foray into the unknown were quickly to be dashed by the onset of humdrum necessity, the overhanging spectre of doom and the unsettlingly constant prospect of a *Kerrang!*-style re-enactment of Billy Hayes' grisly and degrading torment in 'Midnight Express'. Somehow I couldn't see the natives exactly welcoming us, Palmer and I, with open arms, a smile on their lips and a song in their heart.

No, romance took a backseat for this trip; I wanted to enter less like thieves and more like insurance salesmen (although some might quibble at the distinction); I wanted to slip gently, not furtively, across the Iron Curtain and into the unknown; I wanted to see Hungary, not be devoured by it. Hope can be a terrible thing when dashed so unmercifully.

Despite assurances that I can get a visa when I arrive I take no chances. I call the consulate in London. The man there tells me there's absolutely no problem. I tell him I'm a journalist. Ah. No, no problem. Just say I'm a

UFO (l-r): Paul Raymond, Atomik Tommy M, Jim Simpson, Paul Gray, Phil Mogg

Pic 'Arnold' Palmer

tourist, they'll never know the difference. But, I explain, I'll be travelling with a photographer. Ah. No, no problem, he can be a tourist too, don't worry, everything will be fine; Hungary *likes* tourists, Hungary *likes* photographers. So I fill in the form and they give me a visa. No, no problem. And Billy Hayes becomes a little more opaque.

So we have visas. Or at least *I* have a visa. Palmer fails to collect. No problem, he'll pick it up at the other end. So we have visas, or the possibility of them, but no tickets. They haven't arrived. No problem, we'll pick them up at the airport. So the *KLM* computer system's broken down and the terminal is full of panicking Dutch tourists? No problem, we'll just wait our turn as the seconds tick away, no problem. So someone f**ked-up? It seems as though I've lived this story through and through.

But this time it's OK, this time the f**k-up works in our favour. Someone up at *Chrysalis'* travel agent has screwed-up and booked us into Club Class. You know, this could work out after all. Across the lounge Brian Robertson is travelling C**t Class to Amsterdam. How are the mighty fallen. So I just ease back into my seat and consider that, at times, even the spectre of doom can be set aside for a smoother ride. Surely I deserve this?

At Amsterdam we change planes and airlines. Hungarian Airways, *Malev*, will take us into the heartland of the acceptable face of the Warsaw Pact. There's no turning back now, but that's OK, no problem, I'm wearing my tie, I look respectable, I'm no Billy Hayes.

The man in the immigration booth obviously has other ideas. He looks at me, he looks at my passport, he looks back at me. Do I smile? The natives don't speak English here, not a word, *nothing*. Communication will clearly be a major problem, but that's OK. I try not to look like a subversive and hope the tie will speak for me.

Ties, I decide, speak an international language of trustworthiness.

Outside we are met by George. George is working for the promoter, Rob Hallett, and though a native of this fair city of Budapest, cannot explain the lack of taxis at the airport.

"Shall we get the bus?" he asks.

Palmer decides that arriving on the bus will not help our image. We wait for a cab.

THE DUNA Inter-Continental Hotel lies on the Duna river that divides Buda from Pest. Budapest was once two separate towns, but they're now linked in one of the more convenient 'town-twinning' operations I have encountered. Within its portals the 'Baxter Brothers' lie in wait. Their victim, a photographer by the name of Ray Palmer, wanders into the very jaws of Death, oblivious to the menace. The Baxter Bros, Messrs Paul Raymond and Jim Simpson, instantly decide that Palmer is to be dubbed 'Arnold' for the duration of this trip. Me? With the Baxters on one side all I need is the Roccos on the other and we could be set for a classic shoot-out.

But for the moment guns are holstered and Arnold retires to the safety of his room for a lie down. The man is not as young as he once was. Meanwhile, Paul Raymond, keyboard player *extraordinaire*, impressionist of no fixed income and a man once described by Dante Bonutto as "the only one with any talent" in UFO, determines to show me the sights of Budapest.

The sights of Budapest are closed. Closed that is except or the sweet shops. This is Saturday afternoon and unless you want a chocolate bar Budapest is firmly and decisively *closed*. However, rounding a corner we spy a small gathering of Hungarian youths, clutched around a tiny marquee like a Punch & Judy show. But the entertainment here is a Eurythmics video, a slice of Western decadence set up on a street corner. It's at times like this that you begin to appreciate just how lucky you are.

But we're nearing show time, a headline stint in front of eight to ten thousand eager Hungarian headbangers. Jim Simpson, drummer and other half of the Baxter Bros, informs us that the last rock band they had here was Motörhead, and that was TWO years ago! He seems particularly pleased with this snippet of local knowledge and repeats it at every available opportunity throughout the evening.

The only local knowledge that Phil Mogg, vocalist, leader and prime wind-up merchant (semi-retired) of this new-blooded UFO, has so far gleaned that interests him in the slightest is the lack of any suitable dining establishments. Mogg looks nothing less than totally reconditioned. He is slimmer, fitter, healthier than I have ever known him. He drinks seldom, he is back in control and nothing will wrest it from him this time.

If only he could find somewhere decent to eat.

Despite my ardent support for Sigue Sigue Sputnik, another of Rob Hallett's acts, the promoter decides he will like me. Where he would like me is on his wall along with whatever other trophies he has collected on his travels. In the meantime, he bundles us all onto the tour bus and takes us to another hotel for an evening meal. Mogg takes one look inside and stalks out again. The rest of us chance it. But then the Baxter Bros point out that the party of swarthy Hispanic types at the next table looks unnervingly like the Roccos to them. We split before the waiter can return. Mogg is wearing his 'I told you so' smirk.

Back on the bus Mogg takes exception to being referred to as a 'waxwork' in *Kerrang!* (issue 116). Curiously, the word 'aged' seems to have had no adverse affect on him. I tell him *I* didn't write it but it's obvious he doesn't believe me.

"I'd better watch the lights tonight," he says, "I don't want to look too pale, too WAXY!"

"Better be careful you don't melt, Phil," I offer, perhaps unhelpfully.

Meanwhile, the bus driver, finding the way back to the hotel blocked by roadworks, decides to take us on a round trip of Budapest instead. Show-time crawls nearer and nearer.

JACK BRUCE is going down a storm. We can hear the rapturous reception he is getting from the dressing room. Mogg remains undaunted. He's more interested in winding up Paul Gray. Paul Gray, bassist and, increasingly (and disturbingly), Pete Way lookalike, has for various obscure reasons acquired the name 'John Taylor' on this tour. Mogg, the bit between his teeth, is merciless.

Paul Gray is having problems with his bass. His *Gibson Thunderbird* is already f**ked and replacements aren't exactly easy to come by in darkest Hungary. He disappears in search of solace pursued by the relentless Mogg. This could be an opportune time to interview the Baxter Bros. Take it away Jim.

"Did you hear the one about the two Scottish queers – Ben Doon and Phil McCleavage?"

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh-hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!! And there's more where that came from!" offers Raymond.

"I'm shooting oop at de small 'ouse! I 'ate dat Americano, he ees a peeg!"

"I don' like dat Americano, 'ees too smart to be just anudder guitarist!"

And another interview bites the dust.

"'Ere, John, wait a minute. John! Where are you going? John!"

Paul Gray descends the stairs towards the stage but Mogg doesn't let up for a second.

"You alright, John?"

Paul Gray, clutching his soon-to-be-trashed spare bass, will not rise to the bait. As the band prepare to take the stage I take Mogg aside for a quiet, conspiratorial word.

"Listen, when you do the band introductions, just tell the audience you've got special guest John Taylor playing bass!"

Mogg steps back in appreciation of this classic wind-up ploy. He grins his mischievous grin and cackles. . .

"Huh-huh-huh!" And UFO hit the stage. An hour or so later Gray has pretty much destroyed his guitar and given his amp a few hefty boots for good measure . . . but escaped an introduction.

And despite Mogg's declaration from the photo-pit that his band "don't look so s**t hot to me!" they deliver in no uncertain terms. It's hard, it's tuneful, it's energetic, it's some of the finest rock'n'roll to be had on any continent. And how it moves.

Backstage, and the latest obsession to hit the UFO camp is impersonating the John Gielgud/ Laurence Olivier skit from 'Spitting Image'.

"Johnny? Johnny gone?!" quips Mogg. "Dear, dear Johnny!"

But Paul Gray is too busy worrying how he will find a replacement for his replacement bass.

Meanwhile, the prospect of a proper interview seems to fade further and further into the background.

Atomik Tommy M ('Bedsox' McClendon to his pals) has similarly been fading into the background. But Tommy has his reasons for playing the shrinking violet. The man has not been well. But even getting sick on a UFO tour is not without it's own little drama. For explanation and elucidation we turn to this exclusive extract from the (heavily censored) 'UFO tour diary'. . .

'March 11. En route *from Hannover to Saarbruken.*

Tommy gets sick. A doctor is called, but for some reason a team of paramedics turn up instead. None of them speak English. As he is hoisted onto a stretcher and carted off to the waiting ambulance, he cries: "Hey, wait a minute, what's this?! I'm not that *f**king sick!'"*

All this transpires on UFO's recently completed stint as Special Guests on the Accept European tour.

Dokken were also along for the ride, third on the bill, but Dan (Dakken) was apparently anxious to prove that he was *first* on at least one level.

Read on. . .

'March 10. Hannover.

. . . Later in the hotel bar a huge punch-up with some German businessmen is narrowly averted. Dan Dakken and Moggie get into "Who's got the biggest plonker?" Phil demands a comparison be made there and then by the assembled company. Does anybody care?'

Sadly, the result of this contest remains unrecorded.

TO BE KONKLUDED NEXT ISSUE

AUSTRALIAN XS

Nothing succeeds like XS. . . or to give the band their full name, *INXS*. HOWARD JOHNSON talks to the Oz idols, down under deliverers of 'Pop Rock that doesn't stink of cheap aftershave'

A FRIEND of mine has just returned from a six-month sojourn halfway 'round the globe in Australia. Yeah, just packed in his job, took his girlfriend by the hand and went off to discover whatever it is that people discover when they do these things. Nice, I say!

He's been imparting various pearls of wisdom that he picked up in Oz. Nice things. Interesting things. Like how it feels to celebrate Christmas on the beach under a baking sun. Like where Rolf Harris keeps his didgeree-doo. Like the fact that INXS are the Duran Duran of Oz!

Now don't get all hot under the leathers. This ain't another piece of HoJo double-D provocation. All I'm trying to say is that 14-year-old 'Sheilas' have been known to erupt into furious hysterics at the merest swing of vocalist Michael Hutchence's hips; that each and every INXS release is cast-iron guaranteed top-slot stuff; and that INXS gigs are big, big news down under!

And yet . . . while you'll doubtless be cringeing at the mere thought of all this horrible pap, you are wrong, oh so wrong! INXS are a *bona fide* rock band with a rawness that matches any of yer AOR rockers. Why is it that not a murmer of discontent wafts *Kerrang!*-wards at the inclusion in the mag of the REOs of this world when INXS slaughter 'em in the rock 'n' roll casualty stakes? Beats me!

Whips me! That's what 'Listen Like Thieves' does. The most recent INXS album, produced by Englishman and reputed 'good bloke' Chris Thomas, whips up a storm of good rockin' stuff that by its own design avoids all AOR wimphem *cliché* tags. Pop/rock that doesn't stink of cheap aftershave.

"WE'VE ALWAYS tried to go for a blend of rock and soul," claims guitarist Tim Farriss (one of three brothers in XS, drummer Jon and keyboardist Andrew completing the triumvirate), "and these days we tend to be heading more towards r'n'b. But our refusal to be pigeon-holed makes it hard for people to find a neat category to put us in."

"It's just that we see ourselves as an international band, a cosmopolitan band without the need for labels," adds Hutchence. "I really hate the idea of bands in Britain being shunted into categories. You are either commercial or underground here, either Bucks Fizz or the Jesus And Mary Chain, and that's very unhealthy. Music is music, good or bad!"

So how good (or perchance bad!) are INXS? Well, the answer is an unreserved *excellent*. The band's last three albums, 'Shabooh Shoobah', 'The Swing' and 'Listen Like Thieves' have consistently shown their expertise at writing unforgettable pop songs with the cutting edge of rock 'n' roll still present. Quite seriously chaps, 'Don't Change' is one of the best songs of the *genre* ever written and 'Listen . . .' is a killer record that you should listen to post haste!

"It's definitely our most rocky album to date," emphasises Tim, "because it's our most 'live' record ever. A lot of sounds these days are so treated in the studio that they're reduced to blandness. But there are very few overdubs on the record, very few effects, and the guitars are way out front. We were quite honestly sick of hearing synths, we were even sick of our *own* keyboard player!"

"It's a very honest album," continues Michael. "Chris didn't add anything to any of the sounds until the album was at the mixing stage. Effects are really only a trick to fool the public's ears, to cover up the inadequacies of the musicians. We've proven that you don't have to do that. When technology starts overriding the talent of the musicians, then you have to be careful."

So where do INXS feel they stand in the HM scheme of things?

"We're like a lot of heavy bands in terms of attitude," says Tim. "We're not afraid to work, to tour hard, to dip our toes into the big pool rather than being content to stay at home in Australia. HM is just a convenient term to describe a lot of different styles anyway. It's all rock 'n' roll but I think that Heavy Metal bands could be really effective if they played more dance-orientated stuff. I guess that's how we see ourselves – kinda Led Zeppelin playing on the dance floor. And we loved 'Spïnal Tap', so does that give us any credibility?!"

WELL IT does with me, that's for sure. Not that the band need any, having displayed their dedication to humanity through their headlining 'Oz For Africa' appearance on 'Live Aid' day . . .

"It was weird cos we were actually finishing the new album here in England at the time," recounts Michael, "and we really wanted to contribute. But the only way was to go back to Australia cos there were already loads of bands on the bill in England. We scrambled straight back home, did the show and headed out again."

"Michael was still writing lyrics as we walked out of the studio," laughs Tim.

Yup, still having a laugh despite being Oz idols. It's their unaffected love of music and their humility that attracted me to Hutchence and Farriss as people. I've seen plenty in their music for a lot longer already, and if you don't wanna miss out on a good thing, then go see 'em on tour this month.

Besides, it might be the only chance you'll get to catch 'em without a gaggle of screaming girlies surrounding you!

"AUSTRALIANS WOULDN'T give an INXXXXS for any other band"

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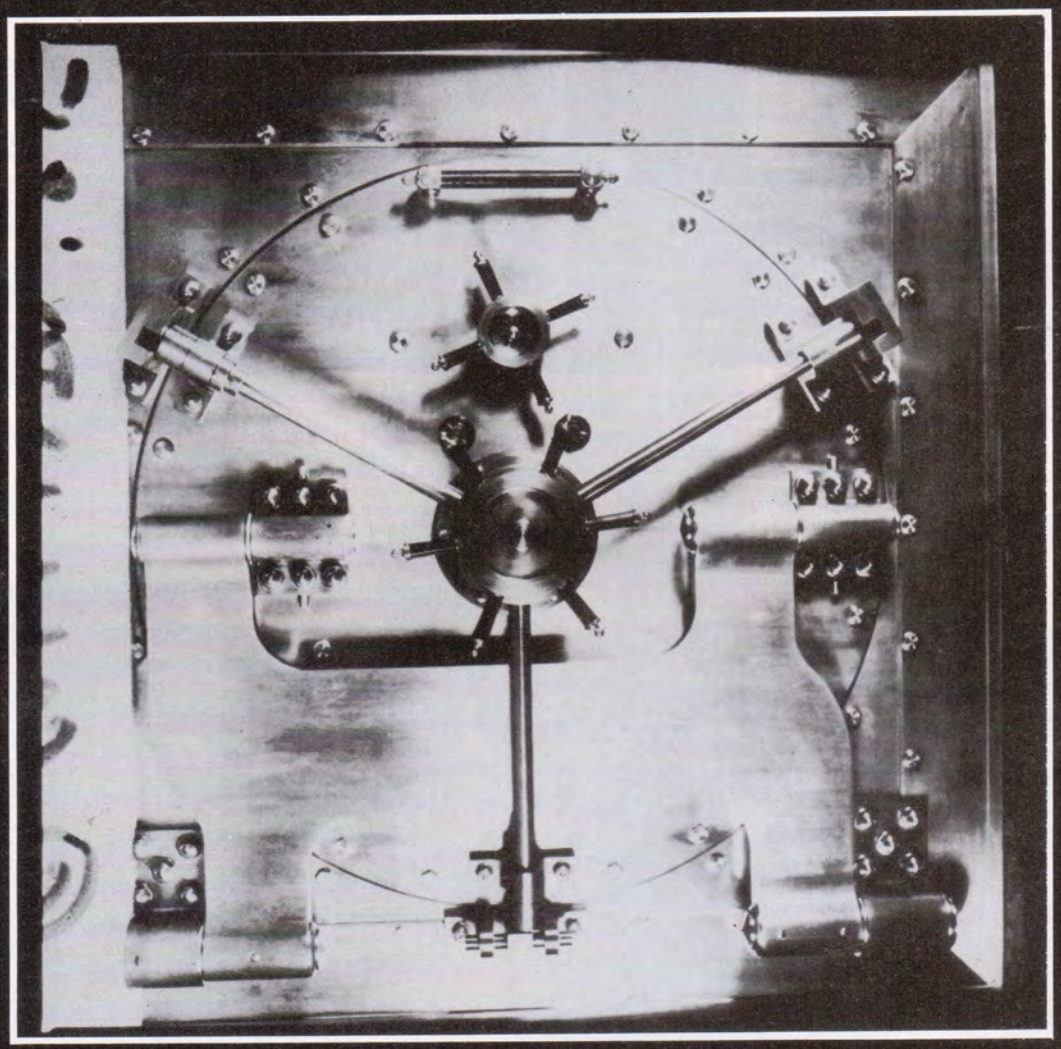

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

MEGAFORCE in conjunction with ISLAND *Records celebrates the fifth anniversary of* KERRANG! *magazine with a special live performance by* ANTHRAX *AT the Hammersmith Palais May 29th.*
For more details on show speak with Island office in UK.

■ *UNDER ONE FLAG* issue **'Speed Kills II'** on May 16. A 13-track compilation, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'The Calling'/'Agents Of Steel' (Agent Steel), 'Evil Invaders' (Razor), 'Possessed' (Bathory), 'Ride The Sky' (Helloween), 'Hellpike' (Living Death)** and **'Sepulchural Voice' (Sodom).**

Side Two: **'Warmonger' (Whiplash), 'Rush Of Power' (Iron Angel), 'Pounding Evil' (Destructor – a new version of the song), 'Fight With The Beast' (Onslaught), 'Brainfever' (Brainfever)** and **'Gung Ho' (Anthrax).**

■ **STYX** GUITARIST **James 'JY' Young** has just issued his debut solo album, **'City Slicker'**, through the *FM* label in the UK. Produced by JY with **Jan Hammer**, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'City Slicker', 'Something To Remember You By', 'Waiting', 'Still Feel Your Love'** and **'Running Out Of Time'.**

Side Two: **'Chain Me', 'No Mistake', 'Prisoner Of War', 'Wild Dogs'** and **'Empty Promises'.**

Aside from Young (guitar/vocals) and Hammer (keyboards/drums), the album also features former **Whitesnake** bassist **Colin Hodgkinson.**

■ **LOUDNESS** HAVE just put out their latest studio album, **'Lightning Strikes'**, on the *Atco* label in the US. It was produced by **Max Norman** in Tokyo. The Japanese quartet will be supporting **Twisted Sister** on the latter's forthcoming US tour.

■ **RAVEN** HAVE just released their latest album, **'The Pack Is Back'**, on the *Atlantic* label in the UK. For review, see issue 112.

■ **FIONA** HAS just released her second album, **'Beyond The Pale'**, through the *Atlantic* label in the UK. For review, see issue 118.

■ NEW PHILADELPHIA act **Cinderella** issue their debut, self-titled album through the *Mercury* label in the US during mid-June. Produced by **Andy Johns** at *Bearsville Studios* in Woodstock, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Night Songs', 'Shake Me', 'Nobody's Fool', 'Nothing For Nothing'** and **'Once Around For The Ride'.**

Side Two: **'Hell On Wheels', 'Save Me', 'In From The Outside', 'Push, Push'** and **'Back Home Again'.**

■ ***PERSIAN RISK*** *(above) have signed a deal with* Metal Masters *and release their debut album on May 30. Titled* ***'Rise Up'****, it was co-produced by the band with* ***Will Reid Dick*** *at* ***E-Zee Studios*** *in London and has the following track listing:*

Side One: ***'Hold The Line', 'Jane', 'Rise Up', 'Brave New World'*** *and* ***'Don't Turn Around'.***

Side Two: ***'Sky's Falling Down', 'Break Free', 'Dark Tower', 'Rip It Up'*** *and* ***'Women In Rock'.***

■ **BEKI BONDAGE** has just issued a new single through the *Communiqué* label with distribution by *The Cartel.* Produced by **Pete Hammond** and **Roddy Matthews**, it will feature **'Out Of The Darkness'** as the A-side on a three-track 12" record.

Ms. Bondage has just put together a new band called **The Bombshells** and intends to undertake a full UK tour – 'The Launch The Raunch Tour' – from mid-June until late July, dates for which will be announced shortly.

In addition, the Beki Bondage Fan Club has now changed its address to the following: **Samantha, 122 Lovell Rd, Cambridge, CB4 2QP.** All communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by an SAE.

■ **SAXON** HAVE just re-issued the following albums through the *EMI* Price Attack series: **'The Eagle Has Landed', 'Power And The Glory'** and **'Crusader'.**

■ *LRM RECORDS* have just re-issued **'Wanna Keep You Satisfied'**, the debut album from **Marino The Band**, with distribution through *Spartan.* This has also been made available for the first time in cassette form.

A single, **'Suzie Don't Rock 'N' Roll'**, will be lifted from the LP during June.

■ *NEW RENAISSANCE RECORDS* will be putting out **'Europe's Best Metal'** during June, a compilation album featuring tracks from **Avalon, Sabotage, Tyrone Power, Arrowz, Iron Horse, Black Angels, Battlecry, Cry Wolf** and **Lost Gravity.**

There will also be a cassette version which will contain cuts from **Aidean** and **Touch Of Devil.** These won't be on the vinyl format.

■ AMERICAN ACT **Candlemass** issue their latest album, **'Epicus Doomicus Metallicus'**, through the *Black Dragon* label later this month. The full track listing is: **'Solitude', 'Demon's Gate', 'Crystal Ball', 'Black Stone Wielder', 'Under The Oak'** and **'A Sorceror's Pledge'.**

■ LOWESTOFT BAND **Stormchild** now have a two-track demo cassette commercially available. Titled **'The Tale Begins . . .'**, it features **'Eyes In The Night'** and **'The King Has Fallen'** and can be purchased at a price of £1.50 (incl p&p) from: **Jules, The Anchorage, Richmond Place, Lowestoft.**

BIG COUNTRY have announced the following dates for June/July in the UK: Southend Cliffs Pavilion June 18, Ipswich Gaumont 19, Brighton Dome 22, Portsmouth Guildhall 23, St. Austell Coliseum 24, Liverpool Royal Court 26, Hanley Victoria Hall 27, Glasgow Barrowlands 29/30, Leicester De Montfort Hall July 2, Lincoln Theatre Royal 3, Oxford Apollo 4. All tickets are priced at £6/£5.

SIMPLE MINDS, THE CULT, THE BANGLES, THE WATERBOYS and **IN TUA NUA** will be appearing at the Milton Keynes Bowl on June 21. However, all tickets for this event have now been sold.

TORMÉ play Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel on May 30.

PIL have moved their show on May 25 from Bristol Colston Hall to Bristol Hippodrome.

THE CHURCH have re-arranged their forthcoming dates as follows: London Marquee Club May 13/14, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 15.

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN & DOUBLE TROUBLE have switched their appearance at the Hammersmith Palais to September 30.

BRIAR will be appearing at Nottingham Mardi Gras June 5, Nottingham Golden Diamond 7, Port Talbot Ruffles Night Club 12.

TERRAPLANE appear at Wolverhampton Polytechnic May 14, Burton-On-Trent Central Park 16, Birkenhead Stairways 17, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Riverside 18.

NEIL YOUNG has cancelled his previously announced UK tour due to a serious injury to his shoulder.

BALAAM & THE ANGEL play Nottingham Rock City May 14, Birmingham Portland 15, Norwich Gala Ballroom 16, Glasgow Mayfair 18, Leeds Polytechnic 19, Sheffield Leadmill 20, Manchester Ritz 21, London Town & Country Club 22, Coventry Polytechnic 24, Bristol Bier Keller 25.

JOHN WETTON, ROBIN GEORGE, CARL PALMER and as yet undetermined keyboard player will be making a charity appearance at the London Marquee Club on June 4/5 in aid of Music Therapy.

It's possible that the four might add another date in Birmingham, with all proceeds going to Children In Need.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS have added a date at Peebles Cross Keys Hotel on May 18 to their UK tour itinerary.

MR THRUD*!, from Scarborough, appear at Kingston-Upon-Thames Polytechnic on May 17. The band's line-up is* ***Toby Jepson*** *(lead vocals – above),* ***Bruce Dickinson*** *(lead guitar),* ***Jim Dickinson*** *(synthesisers),* ***Mark Plunkett*** *(bass) and* ***Gary Simpson*** *(drums).*

MOURNBLADE play London Bay 63 on May 20 in aid of Stonehenge.

DESOLATION ANGELS appear at Glasgow Shadows May 13, Falkirk Burns Bar 14, Aberdeen The Venue 15, Warrington The Lion Hotel 17, Walthamstow Royal Standard 19.

GEOFF MANN & THE BOND play Shaw The Star Inn on May 19.

SEDUCER play Retford The Porterhouse on June 14.

TOUCHED, from Lancashire, play dates at Hull The Tower May 25, Colwyn Bay Central Hotel June 15, Telford Ironmaster 28.

LIFE AFTER play Shepherds Bush The Wellington on May 22.

TYGA MYRA, a Worcester-based act who have just put out an album on the *Ebony* label with **Grim Reaper** guitarist **Nick Bowcott** helping out on production, play shows at Malvern Lamb Inn May 23, Dunstable Wheatsheaf 26, Nottingham Mardi Gras 29, Burton-On-Trent Central Park 30, Tewkesbury Twinning Hall 31, Oxford Penny Farthing June 7, Cardiff Bogey's 14, Llanharan RF Club 15.

THE UNION play Bethnal Green Green Gate May 18, Peterborough The Crown 29.

JOKERS WILD, from West London, play Shepherds Bush The Wellington May 14, Southall Football Club Music Shack 23, East Sheen The Bull 30, Brentford The Red Lion June 4.

SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, from Wiltshire, appear at Fulham Kings Head May 13, Fulham The Swan 17, Shepherds Bush The Wellington 21, Brentford The Red Lion 30.

FEAR OF DARKNESS have confirmed shows at Bristol Old Profanity May 23, Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel 30, Oxford Penny Farthing 31, Portsmouth Polytechnic June 4, St Albans College of Art 5, Brighton Polytechnic 9.

VIGILANTE, who have just added guitarist **Paul Greenstreet** to their line-up, play Cheriton The White Lion May 23, Whitstable The Harbour Lights June 2, Dover Louis Armstrong 27.

ENGINE play the following shows during May: Wrexham Kings Arms May 15, Longnor Oatcake Rally 17, Halifax Ruffles 19, Inellan Bue Lagoon 25, Bootle Old Fire Station 27.

HAMMERFIST, from Liverpool, play dates at Liverpool Walton Hospital Social Club May 29, Liverpool Wilsons Bar 30, Ebbw Vale Level Club 31, Liverpool Fire Station June 3, Wrexham Kings Arms July 3, Ellesmere Port Ellesmere Arms 12.

HOT COPY

KILLER WATT

DIO guitarist CRAIG GOLDIE takes a shine to the Fernandez RST 50, 'well worth the asking price of £386'

Pic Ray Palmer

Fernandez RST 50
RRP £386.18

I'VE HEARD about *Fernandez* guitars being *Fender* copies, yet *better* than *Fender*. It's been said in almost hushed tones and written as if it was a 'scoop'. Personally, I can't see the big deal. Maybe they are, maybe they're not. Why *shouldn't* someone be able to copy a design and make the new version better than the original? It seems to me that it happens all the time – it's called 'improvement', isn't it?

The *Fernandez* is a good guitar. The question of whether it's better than the *Fender 'Strat'* is too subjective to be relevant. It's down to personal preference of sound, 'feel' of the neck, operation of the trem – the overall, somewhat 'grey' area of the 'vibe' (man!) that you get from a guitar.

The two things I particularly liked were the sound and the feel of the neck.

I remember once writing in a review that it's much easier to describe why a guitar's sound is bad – in terms of what's *lacking* – than why it's good. If it's bad it might be 'thin', 'muddy', distorted, *etc, etc.* If it's good it's none of these things and the simplest, most effective description is simply to say that it's 'good' or, as in this case, 'very good'.

The neck shape suits me down to the ground. Quite thin and narrow, with just the right amount of camber; *very* well finished maple (perhaps with a slight yellowish colouring to add a look of 'age'?) and 21 fairly low, flat-topped frets.

There was a fair amount of fret-buzz when playing in the top half of the neck, which could probably have been remedied easily if an Allen key for the bridge saddles had been supplied.

The tremolo system, on the other hand, was disappointing. Firstly, there's not nearly enough range – up one, down one and a half semi-tone is fine for Hank Marvin (whaddya mean "Who's Hank Marvin?") but for trem. terrors like Eddie Van Malmsteen and others of that ilk it might as well not be there at all.

Other dislikes are that the arm catches one of the tone knobs (easily altered though), the bridge saddles look a bit 'cheap' and, even with its short operating range, the strings don't always return to tuning after a bit of 'wanging'.

Electrics: three single coil pickups, a five-way selector, one volume and two tone knobs, and an angle-entry jack-socket. The pickup selector and tone control interaction are *not* straightforward. The logic is, in fact, rather puzzling.

Before I get any letters (as I once did after making almost *exactly* the same statement), I KNOW it's identical to the legendary *'Strat'*; I KNOW the whole point is that it's an exact copy, but the system is *still* without a logical basis.

The 'front' tone control affects the sound when using the front p/u or front/middle combination (but the latter only when the *other* tone control is 'on'). The 'rear' tone control works with middle p/u, middle/back and middle/front combinations (the latter only when the other . . . as above).

Though I don't like this arrangement I agree that it's very effective. On the *Fernandez*, all the controls are smooth, accurate and work very well.

There's no point saying anything about the shape – you've probably seen it before!

The *RST 50* is, I reckon, well worth the asking price of £386. The only 'problem' I can see for HR players is the lack of range on the trem. Otherwise – go for it!

PAUL HENDERSON

(Enquiries: **Blue Suede Music – Tel. 0302 841274**)

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Pix Ray Palmer

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POISON DOLLYS: phone numbers required

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to *Kerrang!*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

DOLLYS DELIGHT

I LIKE the Poison Dollys. I like the Poison Dollys *LOTS*. These chicks look hot. And dangerous. Issue 118 was good, mainly and especially because there was more of the girls' side of Metal featured. This is what Metal *NEEDS*. More girls! It's that simple, man, ain't it?! I mean, the one thing I hate most about going to HM gigs is the fact you see hardly any *chicks!* Accept must-have been the worst case so far (I saw 'em at the *Birmingham Odeon*). There must have been about five chicks there.

In *Kerrang!* I think you need to feature more female bands. The content of the mag should be about 50% female. Now, I know bands with females are something of a rarity, but when a girl picks up a Metal mag and sees nothin' but blokes in it she's gonna think, "Uh-uh, this looks like it's just a *male* activity". And if that girl wants to play in a band she's gonna be inhibited against playing Metal cos it seems to be all male. And to be honest, *I'm* getting pretty sick of just hearing *male* singers' voices coming out my ghetto blaster! I want to hear *girls* singing to me!

So if there's about 50%

NUGENT: 'insane'

TEDDY TAKEN TO TASK

IF I caught Ted Nugent pissing on Phil Lynott's grave he'd have to breathe through his ears until he'd had my boot surgically removed from his mouth! ***David Lorryman.***

TED NUGENT is insane. I don't mean that he makes mad, out-of-it records, but that he's literally daft, mental, INSANE.

My main complaint comes from the interview in issue 118, where Nugent goes on to slag everyone. As for what he said about Phil Lynott, well, it shows him up for the demented, irresponsible idiot he really is. Doesn't he realise that what he said could be very hurtful to a lot of people? Not least Phil's family.

Instead of bringing everyone down, Nugent should stick to what he's good at, which is . . . um . . . er . . . what was it again? ***J.D. McPhie.***

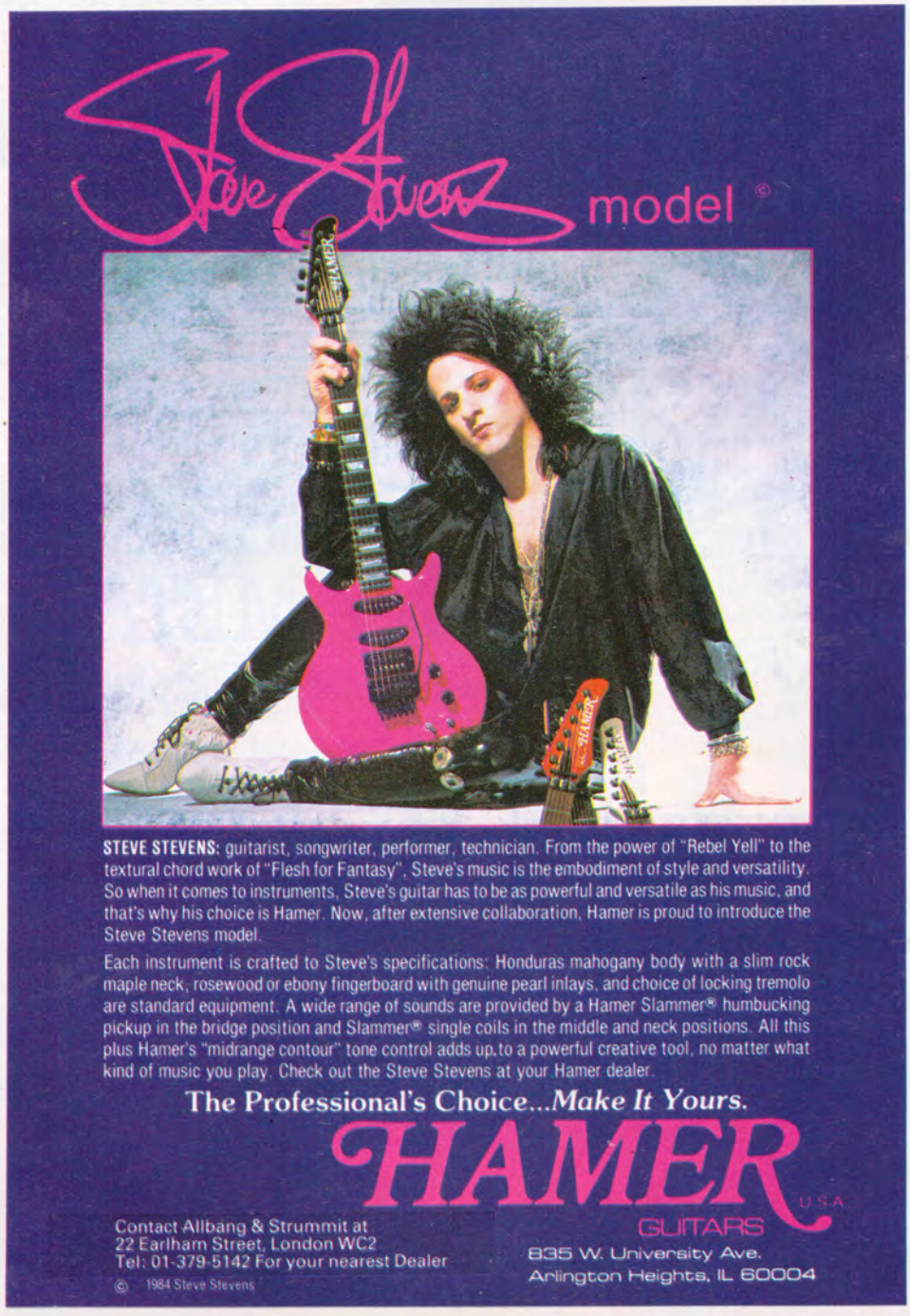
IN KERRANG! 118 Howard Johnson dares to say that Ted Nugent is now second division. What utter BULLS**T!

His new album is brilliant: 'Painkiller', 'Strangers', 'Little Miss Dangerous', 'Savage Dancer', 'Angry Young Man' etc *all make for a great album.*

This recent bad press in Kerrang! *makes me sick. Nugent has been, and always will be, one of the best Metal artists we are likely to have.*

As regards Ted's comments about Phil Lynott, on hearing of Lynott's death I was very surprised. I thought Phil would have had more sense. I think any person (no matter who they are) who is a drug addict, alcoholic etc *is very selfish. If they gave one bit of thought for the people who loved them, then maybe they would be better people for it. Nugent may have gone over the top with his comments, but he always has felt strongly about drug abuse.*

So, Howard, turn it up and remember – if it's too loud, you're too old! – ***Gonzo Maniac, Dublin, Ireland.***



females featured in *Kerrang!* girls are gonna be encouraged both to listen to and *play* Metal. And it's also gonna help the girls currently on the Metal scene. Point taken?

Right, back to the Poison Dollys. Do you have any info on these *mean* sex machines I can have? Like, their fan mail address, or better still (hmm! hmm!) their phone numbers! (But I bet you bastards are gonna be the first in there, aren't you?) And, yeah, let's have a *BIG* feature on these girls! And let's have a UK release of their album. **Duncan Carson, Scotland.**
YOU WANT more on the Poison Dollys? You got it! Just wait 'til next issue – Ed.

HUGHES 'N' CRY

SO BLACK Sabbath have got rid of another vocalist. That makes six so far, but this time it was not just *any* vocalist, but Glenn Hughes – the finest singer to be in this group since its inception. The reason given was that Hughes could not 'come up to the required standard' (perhaps some of your American readers could comment on this?). I find this extremely hard to believe. Of course Hughes had difficulty singing early Sabbath songs, but Iommi did not exactly give him a chance to get into his stride.

Another possible reason is Hughes' health, but judging from recent photos his weight is no longer a problem. Besides, Hughes has always been 'tubby', as photos from his Deep Purple days show.

As regards poor ticket sales, what does Iommi expect after being off the scene for two years? And I doubt that sacking Hughes will solve this problem. Can anyone honestly say that Hughes' vocals were not the reason they bought 'Seventh Star'?

All in all, it would appear Iommi has made a great mistake. And as for Ray Gillen, I doubt very much that he is up to Hughes' standard. Iommi may also have put the final nail in the coffin of Hughes' reputation. I, for one, hope it is not long before he is back on the scene, hopefully with a reformed Hughes/Thrall or Trapeze.

As for Iommi, I wish him luck. Without Hughes he will need it. **A Glenn Hughes Fan, Aberdeen, Scotland.**

A GEM OF AN IDEA

I AM shocked and disappointed by Glenn Hughes' sacking from Black Sabbath.

Yeah, there I was thinking Hughes would provide a new life for Sabbath. S**t, Tony Iommi is hard to please. Glenn is a great vocalist, but he has been plagued by bad luck; it's really sad.

Sabbath have been swopping and changing line-ups far too much, but how about this for a suggestion? Forget this Ray Gillen character, what about good old King Diamond, eh? King Diamond's a good vocalist and has the right image for Sabbath, probably more so than Ozzy himself. I can see it now: King Diamond is the perfect Sabbath lead singer! How about it, Tone? **Martin Haggan, N.Ireland.**

FIRM GO BUST

I AM writing to say how shocked and greatly saddened I am to see that the Firm's 'Mean Business' LP has been almost ignored by supposed rock fans. I was horrified to see this LP scrape in at Number 46 in the LP chart. The following week it actually went down. Who are these people who have so shamelessly let the Firm down? The truth is that most headbangers haven't the slightest interest in the sort of sophisticated rock that the Firm turn out. You can't tell them that people like Jimmy Page and Paul Rodgers invented rock music, or Heavy Metal as it's known today. They don't care.

When I see utter crap like Metallica reach 41 – five places higher than 'Mean Business' – it makes me very angry. The truth is that the Firm don't dress up in leathers and studs, they don't put on make-up, they don't play at 100 miles an hour or sing about evil and death. So of course they're ignored.

Is it really so unreasonable to hope that people will fork out a few quid for 'Mean Business'? Obviously it seems so, yet if they did, they would hear Jimmy Page really burn during 'Cadillac', not to mention Paul Rodgers' marvellous voice throughout 'All The King's Horses', with fine synth work bringin' them up to date. But what the hell am I wasting my breath for? Please print this letter because if you don't it will show that you lot at *Kerrang!* are as appallingly narrow-minded as the headbangers I'm complaining about. **A Firm Fan.**

KING DIAMOND: the next singer in Sabbath?

SEX APPEAL

I FEEL obliged to write to *Kerrang!* and say that I think Ronnie James Dio must be a sexist pig, cause the Hear 'n Aid single is a brilliant idea and a brilliant single, but where are all the ladies? Don't females exist in the world of HM/HR any more? **Lynn, Conisbrough, Doncaster.**
In fact, Dio did invite Lita Ford to be on the record, where was she? Ask her! – Ed.

KER-FAN!

I AM writing to praise your excellent magazine. I have been collecting *Kerrang!* for the past three editions and I look forward to each one that comes out. My favourite part of the magazine is the *Kutz* section, and I especially like the way you integrate humour into your magazine. This livens it up compared to other boring, dull and sh**ty mags that you can buy in the shops. In other words your mag is BLOOMIN' BRILLIANT! **Alex Fynn – A FAN!**

DAVE LEE ROTH: are VH better off without him?

THE NEW VAN HALEN: FOR BETTER OR WORSE?

THREE CHEERS for Howard Johnson and his review of Van Halen's '5150' (issue 118). He'll be criticised by hard line Van Halen fans, but I think he hit the nail on the head. Without Dave Lee Roth, Van Halen are just good 'clean' rock 'n' roll. The album is kompetent and so deserves three Ks, but no more! It remains to be seen what the new live set is like but I imagine it will be a shadow of its former self. ***The Anti Van Hagar League***

AFTER BUYING the new Van Halen album I was anxiously waiting to see what Kerrang! *had to say about it. Come the fateful day, I opened the magazine to find the biggest load of crap I've ever read. Howard Johnson should be strung up by the balls (if he's got any?). He calls Sammy Hagar a jerk, but you'd have to go a long way to find a bigger jerk than Dave Lee Roth.*

*OK, so Van Halen are a bit different now, but that's no excuse to slag '5150' off, it's a great album. Sammy's a great singer, he may not have the same showbiz sparkle as D.L.R. but musically he is just as good, if not better. Howard Johnson deserves a good bollocking (or a part in 'Miami Vice', so that Ted Nugent can beat s**t out of him).* ***Sid from Durham.***

I WOULD like to congratulate Howard Johnson on his review of Van Halen's '5150' album. With Diamond Dave, Van Halen were the American Metal band, with laughter belting out of their records. Their new album is good but no better than any other band could do, such as Mötley Crüe or Dokken. Many people will be aggrieved by Johnson's review, but I think it was perfectly put. Hagar never produced the goods by himself on record so Van Halen have had to come down to his level of average melodic rock. ***Miff! from Blackhall.***

JUST ANOTHER 'good, competent rock band', eh?! You've got to be kidding, right?

The new Van Halen are going to be what Kiss became after getting rid of their comic element (ie the make up) and that is a truly great rock band! Sammy Hagar has given them a new lease of life, and, after listening to '5150' too many times to mention, I can't wait for the live gigs to see them give Hagar's 'This Planet's On Fire' a kick up the arse and an extra set of balls! ***S. O'Brien, Space Station No.5, Manchester.***

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STEVE. Roll on August. Lots of love **LYNDA**.
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AMERICAN MODEL seeks good looking German, Japanese or English rocker for correspondence and possible meeting. Nina Lipton, PO Box 20074, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10129.
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MARK CRAWFORD Happy Birthday, Love you Janet.
ANNA BERGLUND Happy Birthday 27/5, I Love you more than just a little bit!!! Önskai. David (and Tillky) xxxx.
HIPPY BURFTAY my little Malteser man! All my love, Liza Sprout xxx.

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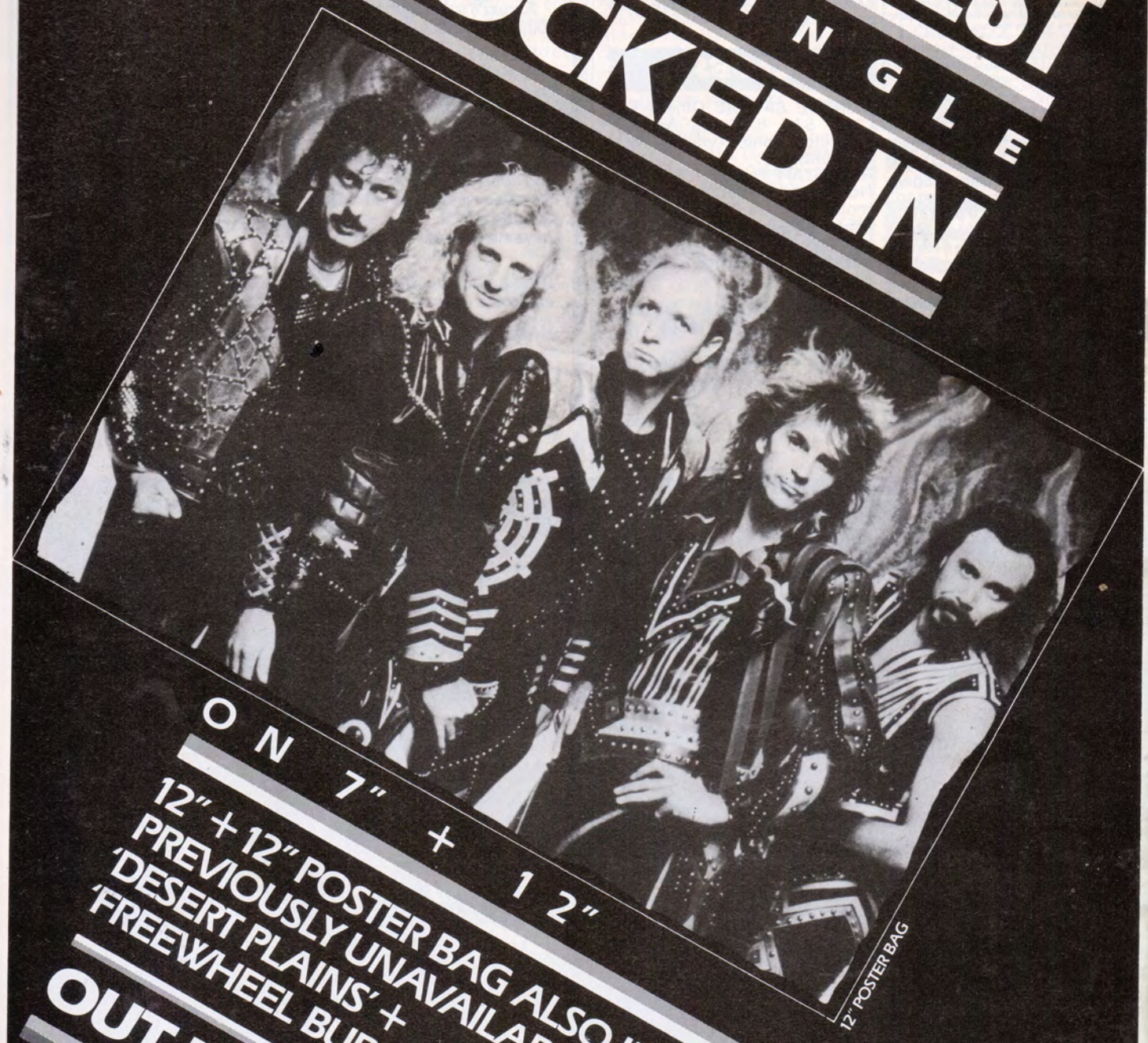

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SHORT CUTS

MARK PUTTERFORD holds kourt as RICK SANFORD of LEGS DIAMOND (pictured below left) and NIGEL ROCKET of ONSLAUGHT (below right) assess a batch of recent 45s

Pic Ray Palmer

JOURNEY 'Be Good To Yourself' (CBS)

RS: It's a great song! Steve (Perry) has a great voice and he's also done a very good job producing this single – very good, Steven, VERY GOOD!! It always sounds better when a band produces themselves, then they can achieve the *exact* sound they're looking for . . . and I think Journey have come up with a great sound here.
NR: I can't say I like the song much – it's not really my cup of tea – but I'd like to have that drum sound on our record!

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS: 'Refugee' (live) (MCA)

RS: I think this song's great, too; I've always liked Tom Petty. The sound for a live recording is fantastic. Usually you lose something with a live recording, but this has *everything*; rarely have I heard a live recording as good as this.
NR: It's good for a live recording, but I don't like it. Sounds a bit dated to me.

38 SPECIAL: 'Like No Other Night' (A&M)

RS:I've always liked this band, and I like this record too. I hope it sells. To be honest, this doesn't sound like anything new to me, but it's the kinda stuff I expect from 38 Special.
NR: I've never heard *any* of this band's stuff before, but it's better than the other two AOR singles we've heard so far. I still don't like it, though . . .
RS: What DO you like?!

BONNIE TYLER: 'If You Were A Woman (And I Was A Man)' (CBS)

RS: Look, I don't think this is really fair at all. It's difficult for me to sit here and give a *critique* of somebody else's material, because I know how hard these people work on their music. I'm not some major record company sitting here wondering whether to sign this act or not, I'm just the same as any guy or girl trying to make good music. *(Look, Rick, just get to the point, eh? –MP)* To me, this sounds very middle of the road. And, erh . . . look, this is really hard . . .
NR: I'll speak for Rick, here: *it's f**king awful!!* It's Bonnie Tyler's usual s**t, isn't it?
RS: Ha! Ha! Ha! I think I said that . . . in a roundabout sorta way!

KING KOBRA: 'Iron Eagle (Never Say Die)' (Capitol)
THE JON BUTCHER AXIS: This Raging Fire' (Capitol)

RS: Did you say this was a soundtrack cut? *(Yeah.)* It sure sounds like one! I don't like the production; Carmine Appice's a great drummer but the production doesn't bring him out very well. Even so, it's commercial enough, so . . .
NR: It reminded me a bit of the new Van Halen stuff, and I don't like the new Van Halen! I don't like this single at all, but I prefer it to the Jon Butcher Axis song on the other side.
RS: I prefer the Jon Butcher Axis track – we're gonna have ourselves a fight here!

BOBBY TENCH: 'Still In Love With You' (Stiff)

RS: Bobby Tench, eh? I know this single is a tribute to Phil Lynott, but I don't think this version compares to Phil's original. I wouldn't buy this.
NR: It sounds as though he's tried to make it into a disco-ie sorta thing . . . so, needless to say, I don't like it either. Thin Lizzy's version was much better.

MANIAC: 'Killing For Pleasure' (Rentaracket Records)

RS: I hate the singer, but the guitarist is good. Really, it's hard to tell with this band cos the production is so f**king terrible.
NR: I don't like the singer either, but I reckon Maniac are one of the best Punk/Metal crossover bands in the UK at the moment. If they spent a bit more time on production I think they'd be much better.

TARGET UK: 'Alive And Kicking' (Flying V Records)

RS: That one I liked! Good song, good production, good guitar playing . . . and a very good band! There sure are some possibilities with Target UK.
NR: Definitely! The best one I've heard so far. Rick, we agree!

KATE BUSH: 'The Big Sky' (EMI)

RS: Kate Bush has always had an innovative voice, and I like her very much. Once again, great production.
NR: This reminds me of Frankie Goes To Hollywood – y'know, that 'Two Tribes' kinda thing. But apart from that, I think this is the best thing Kate Bush has ever done. I don't really like it that much, though . . .

DOCTOR & THE MEDICS: 'Spirit In The Sky' (IRS)

RS: Not a very good version of a song I didn't like much in the first place. I think if you're gonna copy a tune then you've gotta try an' better it, otherwise there's no point. I don't think this crazy lot have made the song any more appealing.
NR: It just sounds like T. Rex to me. I don't like it.

PETER FRAMPTON: 'All Eyes On You' (Virgin)

RS: Now that I liked a lot! There's feeling in there, there's power in there, there's timing in there . . . Peter Frampton's back and he sounds real good!
NR: Is this bloke American or English? He sounds Americanised to me, and this song is very repetitive. No, I don't like it.

W.A.S.P.: 'Wild Child' (Capitol)

RS: That's definitely the best thing you've played me today. If I was producing it I'd have brought the guitar up a lot more during the solo, but it's a great song all the same.
NR: I agree, that's miles ahead of anything else we've heard so far. I don't think I've heard another band who sound as powerful and heavy on record as W.A.S.P. do. Brilliant!

'PUTTY' ROUNDS-UP THE LATECOMERS

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD: 'Home' (Virgin)

Not quite as hauntingly catchy as their last seven incher, but nonetheless another interesting offering from Lydon's lot. Listen out especially for the wonderfully weird wire-work of Steve Vai – this geezer really is one of the finest rock guitarists in the Universe today.

THE CHERRY BOMBZ: 'The House Of Ecstasy' (Lick Records)

Sub-(early)Girlschool pap.

DEUCE: 'Radar Love' (Madhouse Records)

Sub-Golden Earring pap.

TEN TEN: 'Million Miles Away' (Chrysalis)

Ten Ten? Nil Nil, more like . . .

KISS THAT: 'March Out' (Chrysalis)

Currently supporting the entertaining Doctor & The Medics (don't listen to Sanford & Rocket!) around the Yoo Kay, this Brit five-piece are quite an interesting find for *Chrysalis*. Produced by Mick Ronson, this debut single isn't a bad effort at all.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA: 'So Serious' (Epic)

Typical, harmless ELO for all the family. (Sorry Elizabeth, no feature.)

JOE COCKER: 'Don't You Love Me Anymore' (Capitol)

Ol' Joe always seems to release ballads as singles these daze, and to be honest, although he can carry a slowie marvellously well, I'd like to hear that ragged throat wrapped around something a bit livelier. Howzabout it, Joe?

LOVE AND MONEY: 'Candybar Express' (Mercury)

Dirty geetar, sweet sax, fittingly funky(ish) beat . . . and a surprisingly good song. One of the better *Short Kutz* thiz week, to be sure.

JOAN ARMATRADING: 'Kind Words (And A Real Good Heart)' (A&M)

Currently Deaf'n'Dumb's fave office plaything ("Get that s**t out of the beedin' tape-deck!"), Joan Armaflapping's new LP is nonetheless quite a goodie, and consequently I've grown to like this song. Howzabout a feature in *Mega Metal Kerrang!*, Deaf? *("Yeah, why not? Joan's heavier than a koncrete nosebleed these days!"* – Roland Hyams, Joan Armaplating PR man).

THE CRAMPS: 'What's Inside A Girl' (Big Beat)

Worse than an all-Scouse Cup Final.

STATUS QUO: 'Rollin' Home' (Vertigo)

Who cares if bassist Alan Lancaster isn't in the band anymore? Who cares if they've given up touring? Who cares if Rick Parfitt is now a gossip column celeb? Who cares if Francis Rossi has got a pig-tail? The jeans are the same as they were ten years ago (dirty and ragged) and the songs almost identical, too.

So let's hear it once more for Quo: *again-again-again-again-again-again-why don't we do it, why don't we do it again? Again-again-again-again-Again-again-again-again-Again-again-again-again-*

VIEW FROM THE BAR!!

Pic Ross Halfin

FOR ALL those of you who thought that **Gene Simmons** wasn't so much born as pieced together on a limb-by-limb basis, well, just grow up would you. . . cos here he is wiv his muvver, the woman who clothed him, fed him and changed his nappy ('diaper' to all you American readers) – and that was just on the last tour!

Ma Demon and her only offspring were snapped backstage at a recent **Kiss** show in the New York area, the proud parent freely revealing that "Gene always was a strange boy. I remember on his tenth birthday, he went to blow out the candles on his cake and the next thing I knew I was over a fireman's shoulder! And make-up! Don't talk to me about make-up! Still, at least I know what happened to it now. . ."

Kiss? Who says your mother wouldn't like 'em?

Incidentally, *View From The Bar's* NY kontacts inform us that Mr Simmons (minus mother) has recently been producing a Japanese band called the **Flatbackers** in a New Jersey studio, roping in both **Jack Ponti** from **Surgin** and **Joe Lynn Turner** from. . . Joe Lynn Turner to help inject a smidgeon of melody into what has been reliably described as "beyond Thrash" (calm down, **Igor**, please).

By all accounts, each member of the group commits ritual suicide at some point in the show (hopefully, all before the drum solo), while biting down hard on a stick of lighted dynamite. Their world tour should last just a little bit longer than **Black Sabbath's**.

Remember the name: the Flatbackers. The next time you hear it run at least three miles then immerse your head in a vat of treacle. No, not *now*, Igor. . .

As well as honouring various film commitments, Simmons also looks set to produce the next **Black 'n Blue** album.

VARIOUS MEMBERS of **Daft Leotard** (remember them? They used to release albums. . . oh and tour!) were spotted imbibing and generally enjoying themselves in the dismal midst of uptown Dublin recently. It seems that the boys are still working on their mega-opus follow-up to 'Pillowmania' and it probably won't hit the streets now before September.

However, one slice of *good* news is that drummer **Rick Allen** is showing no ill effects at all from his accident some 18 months ago. In fact, he even introduced himself to *VFTB* as 'The One-Armed Bandit'! Rick, who's been keeping his hand (ouch!) in by helping out **Howard Jones** recently, is in the throes of rebuilding his specially designed kit, supplied by *Simmons*. Incidentally, nothing at all to do with Kamikaze Thrash of the Eastern variety . . .

TED NUGENT, renowned insulter of dead rock stars (see interview in issue 118) and occasional egotist, has just announced his list of the world's most dangerous women (yawn). Yeah, the boy who still believes that nubiles swoon at his feet (eugh, that smell!) has put a great deal of 'thought' and 'effort' into this academic compilation. And who are the 'lucky' *decadents*? Well, they're as follows:

1 **Imelda Marcos**, ex-first lady of the Philippines.
("She's brought a totally new meaning to the word 'decadence'," says the Nuge.)
2 **Nancy Wilson** of **Heart**.

RICK ALLEN: 'One-Armed-Bandit' badinage

3 Actress **Kim** '9½ Weeks' **Bassinger**.
4 **Grace Jones**.
5 **Natassja Kinski**.
6 **Marie Osmond** (!)
7 **Michele Duvalier**, formerly the first lady of Haiti.
8 **Joan Collins**.
9 **Whitney Houston**.
10 Feminist **Gloria Steinem**.

What do this little lot have in common? Simple really: "They all possess the profound ability to bring men to their knees". It's a pity that the Detroit decrepit didn't spend rather more time on his wobbly new album 'Little Miss Dangerous' and less on such idle pursuits. Oh, and why no mention of **Lisa Dominique**?!

Incidentally, talking of La Lisa, word has it that the long-standing love affair (from a respectful distance of course) between the *chanteuse* and our esteemed 'Ead 'Itter **Geoff Barton** has been brought to an abrupt end. An older man has been blamed for this sensational split, but surely his name couldn't be **B** T********?

*THIS WOMAN is the lead vocalist in a band called **Vulcan Death Grip**.*

*We don't know anything more about either her or the group. We feel **'Krusher'** should be told. And he is not gonna be denied. So, c'mon somebody tell him all. . . or else! All info should be written on a pair of used tights and sent to. . . well, you know the rest!*

KOMIK KORNER

"WHAT IS the definition of an Irish queer? Someone who prefers women to beer!" – Fiona (someone of Irish descent)

IT SEEMS that Amerika is still gripped by a desire to ensure that even those out to do some good are of the pure white, Libyan-hating variety. Attempts were recently made to organise a special charity show in support of drug awareness campaigns in Los Angeles under the banner of **'The Concert That Counts'**. The promotors duly set about getting a strong bill together that included **Iron Maiden, Ozzy Osbourne** plus a one-off group formed by **Mütley Cröw** vocalist **Vince Neil**. However, one of the event's sponsors, **Nancy Reagan**, objected to the inclusion of both Maiiiden and Ozzbert because of their supposedly dodgy images and lyrical content and tried to get them removed from the bill.

But the promotors (good on ya, sports) told Nancy and her PMRC pals where to get off, leading to the plastic knicker brigade withdrawing their support. As a result, major names such as **Julio Iglesias** opted out of the concert and subsequently the entire thing collapsed. Nice one Noncy, just stick to bombing innocent civilians in future, OK?

THE NAME *Kerrang!* has been polluting the pages of national newspapers with increasing frequency in recent weeks!

Firstly **Jonathan King** gave us a plug in his regular Friday gossip spot in *The Sun*, egotistically (as ever!) celebrating his appearance dressed up as **AC/DC's Angus Young** in that full page **Palmer**-style shot in issue 117.

And whaddya know, the next week the 'Entertainment USA' media mogul actually went so far as to *reproduce* said pic in his column in response to (cough) reader demand, once again mentioning *Kerrang!* Thanks, Jon!

Meanwhile, over at rival rag the *Daily Mirror*, 'Ead 'Itter **Deaf Barton** was incensed when, in **John Blake's** 'White Hot Club', an item about music magazines' (generally fast-declining) circulations made no reference to *Kerrang!* Blake wrote that *Smash Hits* wuz the only publication in this field to show an increase from July-December 1985. . . outrageously ignoring *Kerrang!'s* fabulous figures over that same period, which point to an amazin' 23% upswing, and put the average sale of each sensational *K!* issue at 90,676!

Needless to say, an angry missive wuz fired off to Mr Blake, pointing out his heinous error. And to his credit John-Boy set the world to rights in a subsequent 'White Hot Club', addressing his correction to 'the hoodlums at *Kerrang!*' Nice one, John. . . you'll be glad to hear that **Slayer** won't be visiting your office now, after all!

"Quick. . . run for help, we've got a dandruff panic on!"

TEARS WERE falling gratuitously when the Kerrang! *krew bade a fond farewell to our delectable moll **Gladys Issitt** recently at* Break For The Border, *the latest and hottest Mexican restaurant in London.*

More than 40 personages of various dubious persuasions turned up for the lunchtime affair, drowning their sorrows in gallons of margueritas *and* mescals. *Needless to say, the funeral* cortége *was led by publisher **'Bomber' Bob Thrussell** with **Sir Geoffrey** of **Bartonia** and **Dave 'Champagne' Oberlé** taking close order behind. Other* K! *akkomplices on parade were **Bishop Bonutto, Mickey Dudesickle, Attila The Glove Puppet, 'Krusher', Medicine Head Wall, Paul 'Don't Fence Me In' Henderson, Ross 'Dr Nearly Married Who Was That Woman Krellhound' Halfin,** the now-departed **Nanette 'Neti Neti' Freeman** (erstwhile assistant to our totally fried 'art department'), **Steve McTaggart, Trixie Woodstock** and **St. Sylvie Simmons** (with hubbie **Liam Sternberg**).*

*Adding to the festivities were also stars of the calibre of **Jay Jay French, Marc Storage, Terrible Pain, Marino** and **Lisa Dominique, Bob 'Don't Give Me The Bill' Daisley** plus assorted reprobates and escaped convicts.*

Gladys is now ensconced at Music For Expense Accounts *in Karnaby Street and above we present a photo of the way we'll always remember her: too drunk to stand up straight! Seriously though best of luck, gal.*

THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

We've got a blockbustin' bunch of fabulous five-alive prizes to be snapped up in this kaptivatin' kompetition, in sensational celebration of a half-decade of *Kerrang!*, the ultimate rock magazine! Top of the list are FIVE awesome Akai Ghetto Blasters, collectively worth almost £700! Said 'Blasters are pictured, together with individual model details, right here. Check the facing page for yet more winnable goodies . . .

AKAI PJ-R25: graphic equaliser, single cassette deck and detachable stereo speakers

AKAI PJ-W30: 30 watts output plus four speaker system

AKAI PJ-35: 'a whole lot of beefy machine,' said 'What Hi-Fi?' in their 1985 Award Winners review

AKAI PJ-15: featuring three-dimensional radiation speakers for added stereo effect

AKAI AJ-W204: includes twin cassette decks for high speed tape-to-tape dubbing

KERRANG! KOMPETITION

NEXT UP we have FIVE racks of marvellous Maxell tape, each rack containing ten blank tapes. So, if you fancy transferring your entire record collection on to tape or interviewing Neil Peart of Rush, then one of these Maxell prizes is for you!

AND WE ain't finished yet! FIVE year-long subscriptions to Kerrang! (that's 26 issues) can also be won, worth £33 each! Just imagine . . . the world's greatest rock mag arriving through the post and plummetting on to your doormat every fortnight – for FREE! Tempting or what?

AND FINALLY – fancy a Kerrang! Kap? Well we've got FIVE of these to give away as well, to enhance that hair-festooned bonce and make you the smartest-looking 'banger in town!

WE'VE ALSO got FIVE pairs of tickets – worth £120, in all! – to see Marillion, Gary Moore, Jethro Tull et al at Milton Keynes Bowl on June 28. This one'll be a Garden Party to remember!

BUT THAT's not all! Also on offer are FIVE Kerrang! Kompilation Albums, featuring some of the hottest Metal from Bon Jovi, Meat Loaf, Kiss, Triumph and more!

PLUS WE'VE secured FIVE Kerrang! Videos (VHS only) featuring fantastic footage from W.A.S.P., Twisted Sister, Scorpions, Iron Maiden and . . . the list goes on!

SO WHADDYA have to do to win one of these powerpack prizes? Just answer the questions on this form correctly, compose a titanic tiebreaker and send your entries to: Kerrang! Fifth Anniversary Kompetition, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ. Entries should arrive no later than Friday, May 30.

Which band was featured on the cover of Kerrang! 100? .....

.....

Which shy, retiring and sensitive HM artist was portrayed in a nude centrespread in Kerrang! 113? .....

.....

Who was voted Best New Band in the most recent 1985 Readers' Poll Results?.....

.....

TIEBREAKER (complete sentence in no more than 10 words):

Kerrang! is the ultimate rock magazine because .....

.....

.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

Please do not specify individual prizes required – you're just gonna have to take pot luck! All correct entries will go into the bin – er, bag – and we'll just pull each one out and take it from the top to decide who wins what. OK?!

FIVE YEARS GONE

A celebration of a half-decade of *Kerrang!* by GARRY BUSHELL

GOT THE 64 dollars, kid? OK, let's go. . . Why the hell did Deaf Barton create *Kerrang!?*

For a bet? To upset his mum? As an excuse to get Janice Issitt under him (in a working capacity of course)? To appease his huge personal following (of private dicks and debt collectors)?

Ain't it strange the way the memory fades away like Geldof's career before he discovered the miracle Bland Aid ingredient? And how the heck can I hack out the histrionic history of this extraordinary expanding organ if I can't even recall the whys and wherefores of issue one?

By A, J, P and Taylor! A lesser man (say for example Joey De Maio) would make like a Juventus supporter in Liverpool 8 and vamoose, toot sweet. But could I go down in 'eavy 'istory as the man who bequeathed five empty pages to the *Kerrang!* fifth birthday celebration beano? Nay I say!

What was needed here was investigative journalism of the highest order. Unfortunately Paul Foot wasn't available. So, ignoring several dozen phone calls of advice/orders from the horny-handed Halfin (International reverse charges, natch) I set off personally into the savage wilds of Amersham where Barton's original co-conspirator, ex-*Sounds* top knob Big 'Al' Lewis, now runs a boozer of his own.

Seems the old dog had spent so much of his salary in the White Lion (sob) that the breweries decided to give him his own rubadub tenure.

It wasn't a pretty sight. Lewdness sat supping neat Scotch, surrounded by a cute clutch of curvaceous concubines and gobbing into a handy spitoon with unnerving accuracy. His internal organs were pickled in jars on the bar.

"Nice to see you ain't changed from *Sounds* days, Al," I smiled. 17 pints and a double Tandoori mixed grill later, I casually dropped the big one. "By the way Al, just why did you let Barton call that new mag of yours *Kerrang!?*"

"Simple, dimples," the Great Man chuckled. "We wanted to separate the wimps from the headbangers. Anyone who was too embarrassed to swagger boldly into their newsagents and bellow *'Kerrang!'* just wasn't the sort of reader we wanted!"

Eureka!

MY NEXT stop was ex-*Kerrang!* secretary Janice Issitt's apartment. But as usual she wouldn't let me in, so I got back to work and toddled off to interrogate 'Big Boy' Barton at home – Dunriffin', Ashford.

I found Geoff in his front room. The gaff was completely lined with pink padded material, nicely off-set by the vivid puce colour of the strait-jacket he was strapped up in. A nurse (left over from the Maiden 'Women In Uniform' photo session) flashed her molars and carried on gently rocking him to and fro.

"Alright, Geoff," I ventured, "how's it going me old china?"

The *Kerrang!* Editor opened his mouth. And dribbled.

"Erh, I can see you're a bit busy. All I really needed to know was how exactly you came to think of the *Kerrang!* handle?"

Deaf dribbled again.

"It's no good, Gal, he's been that way since Kiss unmasked."

It was Barton's sultry spouse Jan.

"Well, mebbe *you* recall how he conjured up Metal's premiere mag's monicker?"

"Only too well," Jan retorted with feeling. "It was our honeymoon night. Most blokes are fairly single-minded on these occasions, but Geoff, well, he'd just hoisted me up to carry me over the threshold when all of a sudden he grinned like a baboon on a banana boat, yelled 'KERRANGGG!!!', dropped me in the herbaceous border and spent the night frantically hammering away on his battered old Adler."

"His what?"

"His typewriter, fool! Anyway, the next day he came down to breakfast exhausted – he'd written the prototype for the first-ever issue."

At this point Barton started babbling excitedly and called us over to confer. When we got there he leaned forward and farted softly. Silent but violent. That was always his way. . .

STILL, JAN had managed to revive my rotting memory cells. Cos I remember vividly the day Geoff ran into *Sounds* that morning clutching his copy, as excited as a rogue roadie in Girlschool's dressing room. And naturally you're surely thinking the boy and his blistering brainwave received a hero's welcome. Wrong, John.

By Et, Tu and Brutus! The cads may have been polite enough to his face, but behind his back they laughed at him! Yep, LAUGHED. They also questioned his sanity and wrote cruel graffiti in the toilets. To the average office cynic, *Kerrang!* had all the career prospects of a snowman in the Sahara!

Didn't he realise young people weren't interested in Heavy Metal any more? Didn't he realise we were all New Romantics now? That synthesisers had made the humble gee-tar as redundant as British Steel, and that denims and leathers didn't exactly fit in with the ambience at the jolly old wine bar, darling?!?!

It was Barton and Lewdness against the world. No way, *José.* Until the one fateful day when Geoff stumbled into Spotlight Publications' Managing Director Jumpin' Jack Hutton in the Kemble's Head (a, umm, research library in Covent Garden).

"Och aye," quoth Jack. "This new magazine idea of yours, Barton, who had you in mind to put on the front cover?"

"Bon Scott," replied Geoff without hesitation.

"A bottle of Scotch?" exclaimed the startled MD. "Young man, you're a visionary! Take a pay-rise and make sure it's on the streets by June. Spare no expense! If you need a new typewriter ribbon, don't be afraid to ask. And by the way, it's your shout."

And so it was that the world's loudest, dirtiest and grossest magazine was born.

IN THE event it was the tough torso of Angus Young that actually graced the debut cover. *Kerrang!* was launched under the bold banner heading of a *'Sounds* Heavy Metal Special' because in those days *Sounds* was the ONLY tabloid that took rock music seriously. So, the cynics carped, why create a duplicate? What could this *Kerrang!* thing offer that *Sounds* couldn't?

Two things, as it happened. Number one was the cast-iron guarantee of No Dave McCullough. *Kerrang!* was for rock combos and real men ONLY! And number two was COLOUR. Colour snaps of Biff Byford, Steve Zodiac, Styx, Benatar, 'Mad' Michael Schenker, Lemmy, Nugent, Gene Simmons (natch!), UFO, Billy 'The Beard' Gibbons and so on – including that awesome Antipodean baldhead Angry Anderson, and climaxing with gorgeous pouting Kelly Johnson, proving as per usual that Girlschools didn't entirely begin and end with the terrors of St Trinians.

The top-notch team behind this tasty eyeball treat consisted of Barton on words, Lewis on compilation and design, and (largely) the idiot Halfwit on saucy snaps. (Cue International call number 97: "'Ere and put in the reason the pix were s**t in that first issue was cos I'd never had to take colour before. And don't call me 'Alfwit, Gross or Donut, right, because me bird don't like it.")

Between the krazy kolour, the krafty kombo also konspired to kram in a heart-to-heart chinwag with Barnsley's biggest teasers Saxon, debut exposure for the virulent Venom, stomach-churning shots of the obese Handsome Beasts and a *Sounds* readers' 'OFFICIAL ALL-TIME HM TOP 100'. Bands of broken-nosed bikers were hired to patrol Spotlight Mansions and ensure no ballot-rigging. And naturally enough AC/DC romped home with the mega-handsome 'Whole Lotta Rosie' stealing the show.

All together now: *'Never had a woman, never had a woman like you . . .'* But more of Janice later . . .

Contrary to all the snidey predictions of the *Sounds* cynics, *Kerrang!* number one was more of a smash than Barton and Big Al had ever dared to dream. It sold out literally with days of hitting the shelves.

"We really were back by public demand," Alan Lewis recalls. "The response was so overwhelming we got the go-ahead to carry *Kerrang!* on as a Metal Mayhem Monthly. We had literally hundreds of letters with stacks of useful suggestions, some of which we incorporated in issue two, although we did have to turn down the one from 'Hellhound of Hartlepool'. No-one could do that with a rolled up copy of *Kerrang!* – Ross Halfin had already tried."

The rest really is history, because here we are five years and over 100 issues later. Over 100 ISSUES! Blimey, that's almost as many as Whitesnake's line-up changes!

A HELL of a way to wake up. Bleary-eyed, cotton-mouthed, and face down in a Limehouse gutter. Where was I last night anyway?

Memories swell up like a Jon Lord crescendo. Yeah, I remember. I'd been stranded in the middle of the most evil, desperate mob of sub-human larrikins this side of the Vatican – THE *KERRANG!* ONE HUNDREDTH ISSUE PARTY.

It was my kind of knees-up. They were serving my favourite tipple – free beer. And you couldn't move for crazies. Ozzy skulked in the shadows, barking at the mooners. Rod Smallwallet had hitch-hiked over from LA at the first whispers of on-the-house liveners, with the merry Maiden merchants in tow. Lemmy was talking heavy philosophy with kiss'n'tell cutie Cindy Jackson. Geddy Lee was taking notes on bass techniques from cuddly Cronos. The kill-crazy Blood crew were kicking up unquotable chaos. Orgy-loving Oral whipped my arse (if I ask politely, they might do it more often). Flash-dancer 'Krusher' Joule had the future of Rotherhithe in his horny hand (fair put you off your sausage on a stick, it did). And Gary 'Pardon?' Barden stuttered, I mean *strutted* his stuff with the Redbeards From Texas. YEEEE-HAWWW!!!

And there was man-melting Misty, dishy Dorothee Pesch, hoary-headed *Kerrang!* co-founder 'Big' Al Lewis (desperately seeking Stevie Nicks), Peter 'Martian' Mensch, Rock Goddess, juicy Janice Issitt (plus hired minder – grrr!), Buster Bloodvessel (shurely shome mishtake?). . . Like I said, my kind of knees-up.

So how come right now I'm feeling about as nervous as the goalie of your choice facing a penalty shot from Sir Derek of Hales?

That's it! SNAKE HIPS BARTON! They must have jacked the old corpse full of steroids or something cos he was out of that wheelchair and jumping around like a sulphate-snorting bull-frog.

"OK Gal," snake hips pouted, doubling me up in a two-handed Camden Town spine-crumbler, "You're a busy man I know . . . but look, we've got our fifth anniversary comin' up in '86. Fancy writing an opus for it? Y'know, kinda like the part-two-that-never-was to your 'History Of *Kerrang!*' piece in *Extra Kerrang!* number eight?"

"Leave it out chief," I

spluttered, my poor boat as blood-red as a baboon's backside. "Who needs mere words? *This* is *Kerrang!* history all around us. In the flesh mate, in glorious living technicolour. And whatever they're serving, mine's a large one." (*Promises, promises – J. Issitt.*)

But Barfly was having none of it. Either I met his deadline or I was gonna get a free permanent transfer to the Bucks Fizz Fan Club. Gulp! I had to act and act fast. I went through the first three pages of Hamlet in 12 seconds flat. But that wasn't the answer either.

What would Mick 'Judge' Wall do in a situation like this? EUREKA! Two hours later I was as pickled as Pete Way. And still no feature. . .

I picked up the 100th glorious issue and flicked through it. From the Sixx appeal of marauding front cover boys Mötley Crüe to the rib-tickling Ozzy cracks at Live Aid (*eg.* "Here, Bill! You know what I thought we should do as the first number? 'Food Glorious Food'. Ha! Ha! Ha! Can you imagine how that would go down? *Food glorious food, egg, bacon, tomatoes!")* there was plenty here to back up Barton's contention that *Kerrang!* is now straddling its second golden age and handling the hardwear like Harry Shand on piece rate.

But regular readers will also be aware that Metal's main mag has only found its stack-heeled feet again after a frustratingly muddled period that polluted the 'airy air of 1984 like an Ex-Laxed vicar at a funeral service. Yea, verily, as the plot thickens it thins out too. Because it seems to me *Kerrang!*'s own worst enemy was the over-ambition of the writers.

IN THE dock – the Prince front cover, issue 82. Co-defendant – the Andy 'Duran' Taylor talk-in. Facing related charges – the Alarm interview, the Big Country interview, U2, *und so weiter.* And so what? open-minded herberts echo. So what was its cost in terms of reputation and respect? If Prince Nelson Rogers could beat his purple passage through these pages, if a Duran heart-throb could expect equal access to that *Big K!* spotlight. . . then what was to stop the last bastion of rock'n'roll joy-nalism degenerating into a butt-breathed blend of *Boys Own* and *S. Hits?*

Big Country, U2, *et al* were less of a liberty take. Face it, big feller, if you don't swoon to the tunes of glory conjured up by yer man the Edge and Stuart Adamson then you just ain't got a rock'n'roll soul. But surely even Prince must have looked the other way when 'Boring' Bob Ellis pathetically pronounced: *'Hendrix take heed, you have a successor'!?!*

The readers' backlash (issue 84) made the battle of Rourke's Drift look like an even draw. Funniest epistle was the one from the unlikely sounding Astrid Blenkisop-Smyth who concluded, *'I hope that you will keep up the good work and in future feature such fabby acts as Nik Kershaw, Spandau Ballet, Wham! and Culture Club (they all play guitars, so they must be rock).'*

It gave me all the ammo I needed to turn the tables on Barton and come on like Inspector Chisholm finding yet more rain-damaged umbrellas at Arfur's lock-up.

"Yes, I will admit we did go astray for a while," he confessed under the gleam of a World Piece Tour arc-light. "And Prince in particular wasn't done very well. But we learnt from our mistakes. We still feature non-HM rock acts, be it Springsteen, U2 or even the Damned, but we do it more judiciously now."

Seen. Another common complaint concerning *Kerrang!'s* growing pains was that too often the rag was too Yank-orientated, too undiscerning. Weren't there any, young gifted and cracked British bands to get behind?

Peter Mensch thought not. And in one of the better *Komment* contributions (the best of course being Halfin's heart-rending save-a-starving-snapper plea), the ET-lookalike Def Leppard don argued that the level of British rock creativity had plummetted as dramatically as a mogadon'ed mountaineer. *'You're probably kidding yourself if you think Mercyful Fate or Spider have a chance outside of the hardcore UK audience,'* he wrote, adding: *'What happened to songs?'*

And this from the man who signed Metallica?

Reader Jimmy O'Rourke agreed in principle but also fingered *'the trend for bands to be judged on their ability to "go over the top" rather than on their skill in writing in songs, and* Kerrang! *must take a large chunk of the blame for encouraging this trend and thus contributing to the stagnation of British rock'.*

Perhaps in ready-as-hell response to such cutting critiques, *Kerrang!* 75 announced Britain's rock'n'roll second coming: *'The BULLDOG BREED – The new generation of British Heavy Metal Bands'.* Ian Gibson's cover illustration was a psychotic-patriotic joy, but sadly the series-featured bands didn't live up to the promise. It was all as frustrating as being a transvestite at a nudist colony.

BUT – TO QUOTE Ma Whitehouse – enough of the knocking. I've come to appraise *Kerrang!*, not to bury the bugger. And anyway, for every bad move, the *Big K!* has clocked up a score of high points. Not only Ray Zell's Pandora Peroxide and the *Ladykillers* lust-ins either.

Certainly the handsomest high of recent times has to be Mick Wall's Rock In Rio trilogy, *aka* the gig review that never ended (issues 88/89/90).

Well-written and readily witty, Wall's waxings lovingly recreated the mega-event with all the respect usually reserved for the vicar's strides in a Brian Rix farce – although not even he could top Ozzy's erudite run-down of the city as "a f**king s**thouse. . . I feel sorry for Ronnie Biggs trapped here. I know people say he did bad things that he never got punished for, but f**king hell, having to spend the rest of your life in this place must be f**king worse!"

Let's take some time out to mainline on magic Metal moments over the years.

1983 kicked off with issue 33, with a sensational Steven Tellerico (*aka* Tyler) cover shot and a cornucopia of dodgy delights inside – including some supremely tasteless Kandid Kamera shots, Janice answering your kwestions in *Kontact* (you were lucky, mine she always answers "NO"!) and a revealing chat with Sharon Osbourne, the power behind Ozzy's throne. There was also a rare shot of Oz with his arms round Tony Iommi. Hey Tone, just what is so important abour your hooter that you have to underline it? Ne'er mind, Tony's 'tache was topped by Phil Lynott's on the front of 34. Forget Geldof, here's the man who put the stoned in Blarney, the ire in Eire (*cont.* next Pogues gig).

Ish 39 was another corker, not least cos of the Billy Gibbons cover and the arrival of design demon Steve 'Krusher' Joule. Natch the Top trio were rewarded with a cranium-crunching King 'Krusher' lay-out, and of course Billy boy was as cool as any boogie ruler has to be.

"Our aim," he informed Mr Bonutto, "is to play the s**t out of some good music and have a Goddamn good time." Spoken like a chap, sire, and no milk-shake.

Also kicking around the pages was the second, better half of a lively Laura Canyon round-up of the hotter up-and-coming LA bands. Titled Hells Angeles (but of course), it majored on such nuclear-powered newcomers as the roguish Ratt and the wondrous W.A.S.P.. All-bird band Obsession made the round-up too, proving Laura ain't always all-knowing. Rough? Their appalling appearance inspired an all-points alert in Battersea. . .

Meanwhile over at the USA's other arm-pit, New York's finest, Twisted F**KIN! Sister's Snider, was giving us the old Hi-Dee-Hi shock rock shake-down – including gems like "Heavy Metal is like pyschotherapy, if you can't afford to go to the doctor's to find out why you're so f**ked-up, then listen to Heavy Metal" and the revelation that disco kids had "ten times the fighting and rumbles and rapes and all that wild s**t than headbangers have". Oh really? Now where did I leave my John Revolting whistle???

But if we're really talking sharp-tongues and young contenders, my wedge says you'd never get much better than the Blood, sickly showcased in ish 46 by that sozzled pseudonym 'Crazy' George Blackmore. And what was their arterial motive? Contempt for the likes of Paul Weller, who, according to axe murderer Jay-Jay Manson, "Says he don't wanna be rich, then gets up in the morning and falls over a wad of tenners."

More laughs were to be had in 49, with Tony Iommi declaring that Ian 'Tubs' Gillan was "totally committed to Sabbath". Talking of Black Purple, they turned up champagne-handed on the front of our half-way house of horrors – *Kerrang!* 50. Inside Maiden sent *'Beast wishes',* Don Costa advised the chaps to *'Keep sick'* and Lemmy quipped *'From the loudest to the heaviest, I can only say. . . Pardon?!'*

51 smashed in with a newer, bigger format and a massive close-up of Janice's kisser which

KONTINUEZ OVER

ROSS 'Mr Global' HALFIN and kamera roadie

FIVE

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

was instantly dropped after 300 frustrated headbangers committed *hari kiri* on the steps outside Spotlight Mansions. But there were enough red-blooded rockers left to vote Iron Maiden's 'Piece Of Mind' and 'Number Of The Beast' platters to one and two in the latest all-time best album poll (52). Leppard's 'Pyromania' was an honourable third.

On another personal note, that nice Micky Schenker was promising to break my legs elsewhere in this ish. But to quote Elton John, I'm still standing. . .

THE NEXT merry milestone was indubitably the appetising arrival of *Extra Kerrang!*, and what an extraordinary extravangaza it was too. The special edition allowed for more wackiness than a Bash Street Kids beano – there was beer, baldness and bawdiness aplenty, plus great Van Halen live shots, a rivetting Who retrospective and a cushty conflab betwixt Giovanni Dadomo and hammy horror hack Stephen King. *'Hack?'* wrote Gio. *'Hack as in thunk of razor-sharp axe-blade against human flesh'.*

Extra 2 made it a nice pair, well, *two* nice pairs actually thanks to Thunderstick's mouth-watering moll Jodee Valentine and tasty Tracey Lamb's Metal modelling session.

But *Extra* 3 was the real bizzo, majoring on such trusty trinkets as Xavier's legless ligging guide, Mick Wall on Martin Dean and hoochie honcho Billy Gibbons at his beard-ripping best. Big Bill even out-Ozzed Ozzy with quips like: "Y'know Jesus needs a suss pot like me to help him out. Hey, how could the guy have walked on water and *not* secure a sponsorship with Scholl sandals?". And: "I went to see the Taj Mahal last week and y'know I couldn't find a steak house anywhere – and their swimming pool ain't even heated".

Sad to say the initial spirit of adventure and guarantee of quality that coloured the *Extra* format faded as the mag moved up through the gears from a crazy quarterly to a busy bi-monthly. The ambition, scope and bite tailed off, and there was a dumping ground whiff about some of the fillers. Enter *Mega Metal*. . .

Back with the regular rag, 62 saw the Lazarus-like return of Geoff Barton in the editorial hot seat, bringing with him a jot of the old frontier spirit which materialised in the Rock Video illustration gracing cover 63, Roger Daltrey speaking out for Reg and Ron in 64, and the deliciously manic milestone of issue 65: Blackie Lawless playing a blood-splattered Hamlet to some pole-axed poor Yorick. *W.H. Smith* had a quick collective coronary. Yep, Barton had arrived.

There's something about a 69 that always makes it a lip-smacking special – and

RAY PALMER with his kamera roadie!

Kerrang!'s was no exception. Ol' Dee Snider was twisting again on the front in a cavalier stylee, while the inside pages played host to two titanic rock legends – ALICE COOPER and. . . WRATHCHILD! Alice was coffin up the goods – who else could get away with rubbishing Sir Ozzy and praising George O'Dowd in these hallowed pages? And Wrathchild, well, there ain't nothing anyone could say about those seminal cock shock rockers that'd do their legend justice. . .

Talking legends, clock-stopping crooner Wendy O. Williams was flashing her weathered boat and barely wrapped boobs afront 72. "Sure, people criticise Metal," she told a cowering Malcolm Dome inside. "But that's because they're wimps, chickens**ts, they're so programmed that they're afraid to think for themselves.

"I want to turn people on," the dodgy damsel continued. "I like to encourage people to experiment with sex. With a clothes line and some clothes pegs you can have a party." Puts a whole new light on a 'line-up' I suppose. . .

ANOTHER WILD rocker made his mark in 74 – yep, Roland Rat reviewed the singles. But for the real outrages you had to look elsewhere – to be precise to Dave Dickson's sacrilegious savaging of Ozzy Osbourne. Claims that the great man's mental development had ceased 'around the age of 12' and that he was a 'cretinous goon' were par for the course. Now of course the double D dimwit is welcome to his fatuous opinions – but to travel to Japan *at Ozzy's expense* to rubbish the wildman was taking the piss more than somewhat.

A more rewarding trippette blitzed 76 with Iron Maiden's solidarity shake-down of rock-starved Poland. Derek Riggs supplied the (Eastern) Bloc-busting Eddie cover, comrade Halfin flashed his lens, Maiden did the business with the billies, and wordsmith Howard Johnson? Well, he got the good old Iron wind-up – they convinced him he'd never get in the country with his subversive long hair, and Hojo wandered round with his leonine locks up in a bun for days. . .

Riggsy's beastial 76 cover was equalled by 79's illustrious illustration of Robert E. Howard's wine, wimmin and war-loving he-man hero Conan. Inside trusty Gio Dadomo put his Eye-talian pen to work appraising the bashful barbarian's career rise from paperbacks to multi-million dollar movies. The cuddly Cimmerian made Manowimp (cover, 80) look about as menacing as the Nolans flexing their frocks at Johnny Rambo. . .

But it weren't rock'n'roll, right? For that we had to wait till 84 and this rather distressing letter from the manager of the Gloucester Hotel & Country Club. Marillion had been staying there and some guests had ended up moaning about disturbed sleep. The letter, sent to Marillion's label *EMI*, concluded: *'Having made enquiries with the group they informed us that the disturbance was caused by Mr Michael Wall. . . and to this end I enclose a hotel bill from one of our guests Mr Goodwin who, after having been kept awake for most of the night, refused to settle his account. . .'*

MICK WALL! Rock'n'roll animal!

And your reply, Michael? "UP YOUR ARSE WITH A BACKSTAGE PASS!"

L.A.M.!

NOW MUCH as I'd like to plough on giving you the goods on great grins like Accept's announcement "We are not a gay band" (89), the 'Phenomena' cover (97) (surely the worst front of all time!), or Pete Way claiming to have given up the bottle (99) – yeah and the Pope's joined

KONTINUEZ PAGE 59

Tokyo Blade

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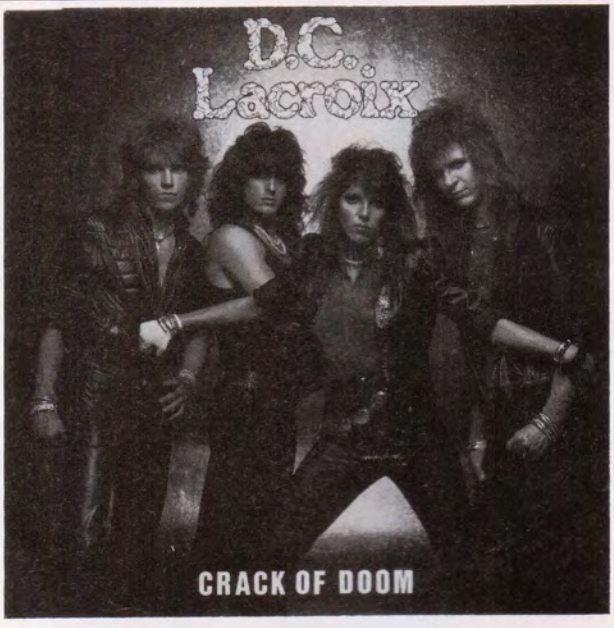

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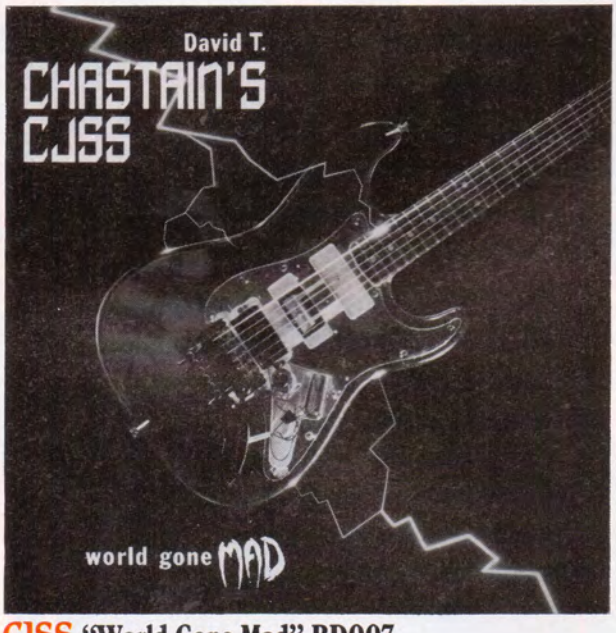
(Geoff Barton, Kerrang!*)*



CJSS "World Gone Mad" BD007
Rarely has Metal sounded quite THIS musicianly, quite THIS mature . . ." *(KKKK½, Geoff Barton,* Kerrang!*)*

MANILLA ROAD "The Deluge" BD010
"A truly work of genius" *(ENFER Magazine, France)*

★★★

FIVE

FROM PAGE 56

W.A.S.P. – Mr Wall's latest outrage reminds me that you can't appreciate the winning wisdom of *Kerrang!* without an understanding of the clap-wracked brains behind it all.

And the more I ruminate on it, the more I realise that even in jest with Geoff I had been right – the real strengths of *Kerrang!'s* supersonic success story ARE best measured by the characters, the platters and the events the mag reflects and encourages, along with the attitude it has made its blood-chilling battle-cry: IT AIN'T NO SIN TO DIG THE ROCK'N'ROLL DIN!

Kerrang! means never having to say you're sorry for voting with your wages for Gary Moore or Maiden, Waysted or even Oral! And if you're old enough to recall the snob-generated flack coming Hard Rock's way oh, even five years back, you'll also know that that's no mean achievement. Throughout the biz, music with even the barest hint of meat and muscle was about as popular as Rock Hudson at a spitting contest. No kid.

But the bands played on, YOU, the fans, kept shelling out the readies for the records and the gigs – and so it's because of you I'm banging away on this highly partisan *Kerrang!* story.

The issues seem to have sped by since last August's hundredth edition – hell, another five *Kerrang!s* and we'll be a quarter of the way along the road to the mag's *second* century! No, there's no point in detailing the recent history of *Kerrang!* – it's all too fresh in everyone's memories. So, instead, and as a conclusion to this opus, let's look towards. . .

THE FUTURE. Well, these gonads ain't crystal, kid, but five'll get you ten there'll be another *Kerrang!* video. The first one, released in June '85, was action-packed with vivid visuals from top class combos and figured in the Video Top 20 for a good few months.

I'll also lay good money that the Alan Lewis-orientated *Lady Killers* series will eventually see the light as a jean-creaming *Kerrang!* Kalendar spin-off.

Barton says any future *Kerrang!* kompilation albums should feature unreleased tracks from top bands, making them more like kollectors' items. He also nixes the chances of another *Wooargh! Weekend* – that was the sort of Butlins for bonce-bangers the rag ran a coupla years back which due to piss-poor promotion picked up attendance figures roughly equal to the last Throbbing Gristle gig.

But in the boring world of board rooms and balance books, *Kerrang!'s* future couldn't look brighter. Sales figures have edged up to 90,676 and the new US distribution deal could well push that into six figures eventually.

. . . And as that happens there's bound to be pressure for the fortnightly *Kerrang!* to go weekly. . .

I'd like to see a *Kerrang!* Radio Show too, to rescue the airwaves from bubblegum banality on a regular weekly basis. And who knows, there could even be a *Kerrang! – The Movie,* with 'Krusher' as Rambo, Halfin as Wayne Sleep, Janice as Madonna. . .

. . . Aw, talk is cheap and speculation is for s**t-headed stockbrockers. One thing I know for sure: as long as the brains behind the printed pages remember WHY *Kerrang!* sells then the future will be long, and the future will be LOUD.

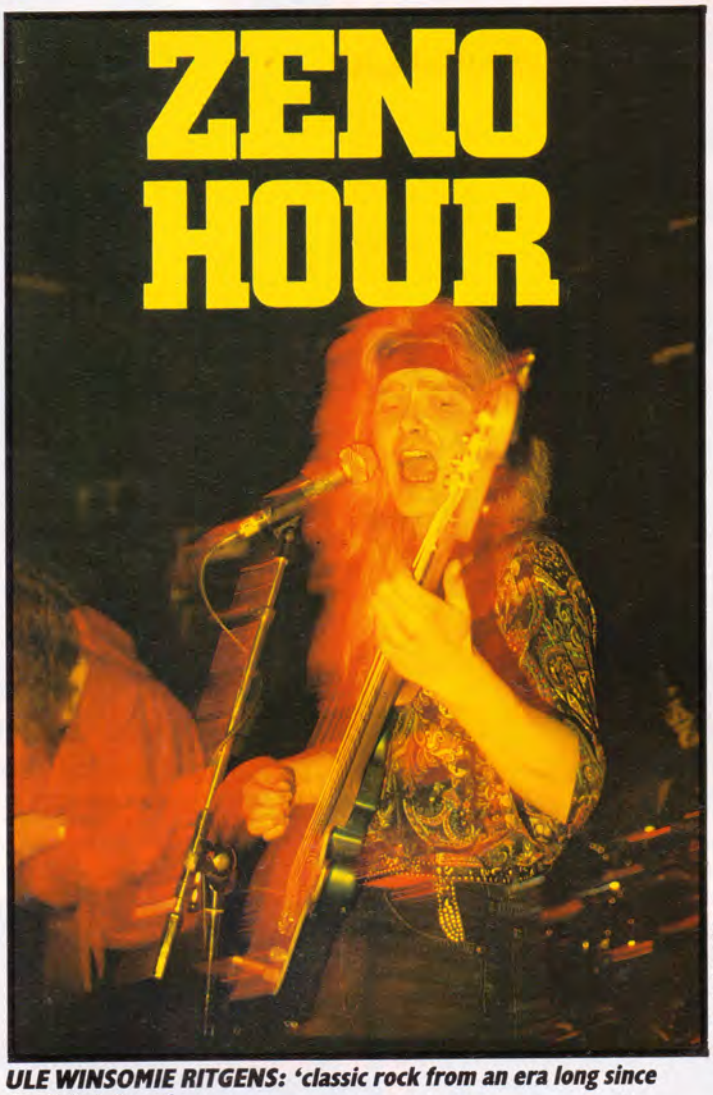
To paraphrase Dee Snider, *Kerrang!* is for the *'Bad boys of rock'n'roll/Bad boys out of control/How bad can this bad rag be/For 85p?'*

NB: Part of this article has been reprinted from Extra Kerrang! *number eight.*

DOC DOOM, 'KRUSHER' and MR. SUVERN RUSSELL during recent auditions for a new* Kerrang! *sekretary

KERRANG! PRESENTS:
A MEGA METAL MASTER WORK OUT NOW!

ZENO HOUR



Pic Pete Cronin

ULE WINSOMIE RITGENS: 'classic rock from an era long since (sadly) defunct'

ZENO
McGonigles, Dublin

THERE CAN be little argument that the 'Zeno' album (on *Parlophone*) has been the centre of much controversy recently. A veritable deluge of negative criticism has been unleashed on this thinly-defended plastic portent, led by the storm-tossed fury of ol' Thunderfingers himself, Mark Putterford. Ranged against these overwhelming odds stand such weedy arbiters of supposed quality as Del Boy Olivier (no spelling mistake), Mick Wall and yours truly, all supporting Zeno as a potentially *great* and *necessary* band.

It doesn't matter who's right or wrong, such value judgements really are irrelevant and can't be made. Suffice it to say that Zeno have caused a stir that, with a smidgeon of fortune, won't swallow them up but rather create a whirlpool of interest, enabling the group to stretch out and provide those of us who enjoy their brand of sophisticated rock with years of nirvana.

Standing with a rather sallow plastic mug of sugarless caster oil masquerading as white wine at the back of this leprechaun-sized shoe-box venue, it occured to me on more than one occasion during Zeno's 70-minute set that, somehow, *someone* has got it all wrong. These boys are not a club act in any sense of the term.

Cramped on a stage that allowed scarcely any movement from the sextet (drummer *par excellence* Rod Morgenstein and backing vocalist Michael Lenkow having been added to the infantry – the latter an extravagant, if talented, waste of space and money on what is a decidedly low-budget tour), I somehow felt that the music could hardly be expected to breathe. These boys need the freedom of expression offered by the giant arenas and stadia of America; not the stifling, *Guinness*-sodden troughs of such tiny boot camps.

What's more the audience, more used to acclaiming the fierce-yet-futile energy of any number of tried 'n' trusted sub-zero Metal combos, didn't really know how to react to a band of such abrasive elegance and painstaking complexion. Sure, a few down the front found the odd headbanging chord rather ennervating, but . . . well, this outfit deserve a more (with due respect) discerning audience somewhere between Journey and Yes fans.

Yet, despite all these reservations, Zeno were still . . . *magnificent*. Drawing primarily from the aforementioned debut album, the set got off to a ragged start with a push-push-pull-pull version of 'Eastern Sun', the sound mix showing little sign of overcoming the horrendous acoustic deprivations of the club. Yet by the second song, 'Emergency', the band were into something of a stride and from thereon never looked back.

The entire group played to a peak of emotion and perception that never detracted from a firebrand belief evident in each and every number. And the new, unrecorded material sounded on a par with that already committed to vinyl. 'The Light' (a Larry Dawson composition for keyboards), 'Good Game' (more 'Another One Bites The Zeno' than Bruce Forsyth), 'We're Gonna Stay', 'Attack' and 'Don't Count On Me' all burst their seams with clarity and guts, showing that despite the sneers of many, this lot *can* pen contemporary tunes and deliver them with finesse and ingrained force.

Riding above all the instrumental gyrations from guitarist Zeno Roth, bassist Ule-Winsomie Ritgens, keyboardsman Dawson and drummer Morgenstein (true technicians all) stood proud the incredible vocal range of Michael Flexig, easily one of *the* discoveries over the past year or two. This is the man on whom much will depend in the coming months, for it is he who has to hold the band together upfront, develop a rapport with oft-musically bemused crowds and guide the Zeno image into more of a late Eighties harness.

It's asking a lot of him and his troops to achieve mass success with such uncompromisingly classic rock from an era long since (sadly) defunct, but if there is any band capable of making roaring pomp with near Beethoven overtones popular again then these are the boys.

MALCOLM DOME

BLUE OYSTER CULT
Meadowlands Arena, New Jersey

BEING THE naturally curious type, I can't help wondering what was going on inside the heads of the members of Blue Öyster Cult when they took to the huge *Meadowlands* stage as openers for Kiss on the last night of the latter's massive 'Asylum' tour. Y'see, this wasn't the first time that the Cult (US division) and Kiss had crossed paths (or guitars).

Way, way back when Kiss frontman Paul Stanley was just out of sequinned diapers (well, 1974 to be exact), the band were to be found languishing at the bottom of a four-act bill topped by, you guessed it, Blue Öyster Cult. A year later, on New Year's Eve 1975, it was sweet revenge time with BÖC reduced to supporting the masked wonders at New York's *Nassau Coliseum*. He who laughs last, eh . . .

Enough of the history lesson. 11 years have passed since then, and whilst some aspects of Metaldom have altered beyond recognition, others have changed not a jot. Kiss are still the ultimate alchemists, turning plastic into platinum with consummate ease . . . but BÖC? Now there's a tale . . .

The Blue Öyster Cult that wended its weary way about the *Meadowlands* stage was not vastly different to the troupe who graced the stages of Europe in late '85. Overall appearance and presentation had altered little. Disappointingly, lead guitarist Donald 'Buck Dharma' Roeser still resembled a Madison Avenue accountant (as indeed do the whole band); the only significant difference was that singer/guitarist Eric Bloom now sports a nifty set of flaming orange pyjamas!

I have to say that I'd hoped for much, much more, foolishly believing that the ailing *Cultosaurus Erectus* would be revived by the invigorating atmosphere of a BIG hometown arena. It was not to be, I'm afraid.

In the event, the capacious stadium succeeded only in dwarfing the band, emphasising the individual members' total lack of charisma. As a visual spectacle, BÖC scored a big fat zero, despite having the use of the headliners' space-age lighting rig.

And clearly the Kiss audience expected something a touch more spectacular from Bloom and Co too. The welcome that the band received as they ripped the guts out of the hall with the exquisite 'Dominance And Submission' was a suitably manic one for a Friday night New Jersey crowd. In fact, yours truly found herself forced to perch precariously atop a flimsy foldaway chair as approximately 20,000 American rockers decided to do likewise. However, quite a few people decided to sit down again once the initial adrenalin rush had subsided.

Obviously, the new-ish 'Club Ninja' album came in for the ritual plugging, but disinterest was almost tangible throughout the audience whenever Bloom announced a '. . . Ninja' tune. It seemed that this latest BÖC offering was as popular with US fans as it was with we Brits (*ie.* not very!), but that's not to deny that there were indeed some fine singalongaEric moments – namely 'Dancing In The Ruins', one of the classier cuts from the generally dreary 'Club Ninja' outing.

'Buck Dharma' may have looked a sight but I'll always have a soft spot for his beautifully melodic soloing, which proved the single most enjoyable aspect

of this performance.

'Godzilla' was a welcome, if brief, return to the theatrics of old and the Kiss fans lapped (or licked!) it up. If only more of the show could have been conducted in this vein.

No need to tell you what the encore was – the inevitable '(Don't Fear) The Reaper', a song so faultless, with such a brains-into-jelly solo from old Buck, it ensured that even this, the most pedestrian and business-like of performances, finished on a high note.

MAURA SUTTON

JOE COCKER
Hammersmith Odeon, London

18 YEARS after his first hit he still looks like a brickie – but now one 'dressed-up' for Saturday night rather than straight off the site.

However unlikely a figure he may appear, though – spastic arm movements and minimal stage presence – he still has that ability to shoot straight from the heart. His gravelled, soulful voice, even *via* a collection of mostly anonymous songs, can gently but firmly squeeze an audience until their emotion begins to seep like water from a rock-face – and then *keep* it coming.

This 'pressure' was most apparent on slower songs like Jimmy Cliff's 'Many Rivers To Cross' (an '83 hit for UB40), the emotional trickle increasing steadily up to Dylan's 'Watching The River Flow' and finally bursting out like a gushing torrent with the one they'd all come to hear, 'With A Little Help From My Friends'. The response to this may have been predictable, but the guy *deserved* it; he'd performed with 'balls' right from the word go.

A small portion of the audience, particularly the few who were *well* into their forties, were possibly there on the strength of Cocker and Jennifer Warnes' 'Up Where We Belong' hit and looked a little perplexed at finding themselves at a rock gig.

Another, larger chunk, were young kids – perhaps intrigued at the prospect of seeing one of the few stars of Woodstock still 'doing it'.

Whatever, they were well rewarded for taking the chance, responding with spontaneous vigour during the final number, the powerful soul/funk stomp of 'The Letter'.

Had the sound been better *mixed*, I would have been even more impressed at how (surprisingly) good this concert actually was.

I was just about ready to write Joe Cocker off, but after seeing him perform I have to admit that I was wrong. He's not ready for that ignominious stroke of the pen – not by a *long* way.

PAUL HENDERSON

MORE REVIEWZ PAGE 63

DOC HOLLIDAY (Bruce Brookshire, left, and Eddie Stone): reduced hardman Russell to tears of emotional ecstasy

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

DOC HOLLIDAY
The Attic, North Carolina

SATURDAY APRIL 19, 1986 – JUDGEMENT DAY! Is Suvern Konfederate Rock dead or alive? What with 38 Special going 'poppy' aeons back, Molly Hatchet losing frontman Danny Joe Brown and, more recently, the sad demise of Ricky Medlocke's Blackfoot, it would seem that dear ol' Suvern Boogie is about as safe as the English krikket team! However, fear not, the 'Last Of The Wild Ones', to use a Johnny Van Zant term, Doc Holliday are out to show that there's life in the ol' Georgia State flag yet! And they didn't let me down . . .

The houselights dimmed and the familiar *Harley Davidson* roar that precedes 'Last Ride' came blasting forth. And then there he was, THE guv'nor of Suvern Boogie; welcome to the mikestand Mr Bruce Brookshire, looking more menacing than an angry possum in his white ten-gallon hat as he snarled: *"Gotta pay the dues/For the life that you choose"*. Yeah, this was Doc Holliday alright, and the way Mr Brookshire bends his strings has to be seen to be believed – we're talkin' SERIOUS CHICKEN SKRATCH here folks.

There's something very moving about Suvern Boogie; it's music from the heart, it's music from the land, it's music from the soul and, most important of all, it's music from the South. I couldn't hold back the waterworks any longer; the tears were now streaming down me cheeks and the *Jack Daniels* was sliding down me throat faster than a Brookshire riff.

Next up was 'Rock City', culled from the very disappointing 'Modern Medicine' album; still, at least live the song didn't have to suffer Mack's appalling production. The Docs have cleverly revamped the toon to give it a singalongaHolliday flavour.

"Get up off yer asses and drink a little 'Moonshine Whiskey' *with us one time,"* growled Brucie, which could only mean that we were about to be treated to the intoxicating 'Moonshine Runner', sadly minus the train hooter and kop kar sirens. But the 'home-brew' feel to the way Doc Holliday approach the song is a joy to hear. That reminds me, I must top my radiators up with some *Old Grandad 114!*

Not surprisingly, 'Southern Man' followed, and it was nice to hear the odd Lynyrd Skynyrd riff thrown in for good measure – namely 'Sweet Home Alabama' and 'Gimme Three Steps', but it was just a flavouring. The Docs would never stoop so low as Molly Hatchet and do a full-length version of 'Free Bird'.

One of my favourite 'suppin'' tracks 'Doin' (It Again)' saw new lad Tony (the refrigerator) Cooper showing off his talents with some delightful ivory playin'. It seems pretty obvious to me that Tony's tinkling has made the Doc's sound more Suvern than ever before, proof of which could be found on the only newie of the night, the amusingly titled 'Down Home Red Neck Rock And Roll Man'. The interchange between Brookshire's geetar and Cooper's piano was quite simply breathtaking.

Indeed, this toon could become an anthem of our times; I mean, dig these very moving lyrics: *'I like to drink whiskey made in Lynchburg, Tennessee/And I love that red neck rock, cos it feels so good to me/I remember how I cried, the night them Skynyrd boys went down/And I thank the Good Lord, that their music's still around'.*

And so it goes on. I don't want to give too much away, cos you'll hear it for yourself on the band's new album, which is due out in early July. Let's just say that Brookshire explains the roots and his personal feelings about this wonderful thing called Suvern Boogie.

"Where are all the beer drinkers and hell raisers?!" screamed Konfederate keyboardist Eddie Stone. *"Drink a beer with us one time!"* At which point every member of Doc Holliday downed a bottle of beer in one gulp, a *tres* amusing sight, a bit like the Accept to-and-fro routine – only wiv bottles!

Burping into the mike, Bruce proclaimed: *"A couple of years ago this next song we're gonna play for yer got to Number One in a British magazine called* Kerrang! *"*. Well, it could only be 'Lonesome Guitar', the Docs' anthem. Then it was encore time and not surprisingly the band bowed out on a high note with a rip-roaring Speed Metal version of 'Hot Rod'.

Yes siree, Suvern Boogie is BACK, Doc Holliday are BACK, and it would appear that all is still OK at the OK Corral. Now, hows-about a UK tour lads?

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FROM PAGE 61

JODY TURNER: serious business

ROCK GODDESS
Marquee, London

SWEET NOTHIN', and what's sweet about that?

It may be too late, I fear, for Rock Goddess to regain lost ground and it's all for the wrong reasons. They have, in a very short space of time, developed their musical ability to extraordinary lengths and consequently have now outreached, overstated and over-complicated their existence. And it's all so very upsetting . . .

From raunchy (mannish?) rockers to professional showstoppers, I've watched the girls leap up the ladder and chip away prejudices in a way that hinted at bigger and better things to come. 'Hell Hath No Fury', their final album for *A&M*, proved their potential in a barn-burnin' blitz of sprightly hot rockin' – good tunes and amiable musicianship. Yet, on reflection, it also appears to have heralded the beginning of the end – not in an artistic sense (although that's an obvious consequence), but rather because they've now outgrown their limited market.

Heavy Metal, basic and loud with spine-stealing hook-lines, was their main mark, but having tempted fate they've plummetted into the (very) serious art of musical complexity. A Rock Goddess gig was always sweaty, muggy, smokey and jam-packed with folk eager to join in the fun of Jody's high-pitched shrills, but now it's all far too po-faced and far too desperate. S-E-R-I-O-U-S.

So I didn't dig the gig, right? *Wrong*, buster! I really understood what was happening and I trusted myself enough to love the new songs (in abundance, perhaps too much), but there's no denying that Rock Goddess have thrown away the key to Heaven's gate. They're too conscious of what a f**k-up it's all become, too keen to show us what brilliant musicians they are . . . and above all they're putting themselves into touch.

Giving a nod to the few friends I have, I wasn't alone with my thoughts. Even oldies like 'Satisfied And Crucified' didn't escape 'modernisation' – re-arranged and hamstrung with a peculiar twist, I was unsure whether this or 'Let's Spend The Night Together' (the Stones classic) was their biggest single mistake. The new songs (no titles, I'm afraid) fared a lot better, demonstrating that musically at least they certainly haven't deteriorated – it's just that they're now working in an area where they can't compete. What's the point?

So where do they go from here? Frankly, I'd hate to speculate but as always I'll wish them the very best of luck, because if they do pull it off again they'll certainly have paid their dues – and that's no shame.

DEREK OLIVER

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IQ ARE freethinkers. They provide an alluring, provocative invitation to either sweat your bollocks off having a knees-up to their jerky rhythms or else simply lay back and dig the unpredictability of their pretensions. IQ are the first fun-loving techno rock band, of that I am quite sure.

Leaning towards the ridiculous, and by that I mean the central nervous system of vocalist Paul Menel, they use musical virtuosity to funny effect. Guitarist Mike Holmes looks like Johnny Rotten in black leather, but peels out licks faster than John McLaughlin or Jeff Beck. And bassist Tim Esau, with hair like a common or garden Power Station member, deposits solid thumps and bamboozling plucks. But it's batty keyboard operator Martin 'move me' Orford who best summarises IQ's approach – a theatrical wide-boy with an uncanny sense of perfection. And, yes, they *can* rock 'n' roll . . .

Moving from a torrent of loud riffs bordering on the Heavy Metal wackiness of Max Webster to a wash of smoothness similar to the sizzling jazz-rock fusion of Simple Minds, IQ always seem to end up on a plateau of their very own. One minute they romp to the craziness of 'The Big Sleep State' and the next they're blowing your mind with ten minutes-worth of intense musicianship *viz* 'Corners', which I must admit still sounds hideously close to the 'Chariots Of Fire' theme.

They managed to squeeze in a healthy selection of new songs too, with 'Nonzamo' stealing the show and everyone's breath along with it! The middle name of Nelson Mandella, the persecuted and wrongly imprisoned South African 'activist', 'Nonzamo' blows its top both lyrically and musically, proving that IQ's IQ is just about right on top. And, yes, they *do* have fun . . .

An important gig this one. The lavish *Piccadilly Theatre* (normally home of the 'Mutiny' musical) suited IQ's ambience to an incredibly fine degree, and it was pretty much sold-out which indicates to me that IQ's future is on the up; indeed, the reaction of the crowd was, to put it mildly, very receptive despite the odd burst of howling feedback.

Their next move? Well, they've certainly got the ability to step up into the big stakes but for now they'll just have to soldier on, trying to convince the powers at the record companies of just that fact.

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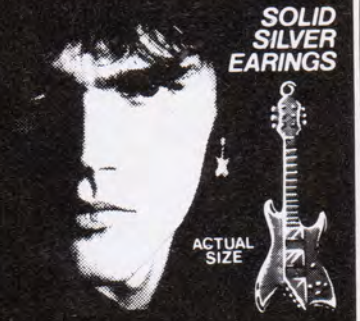

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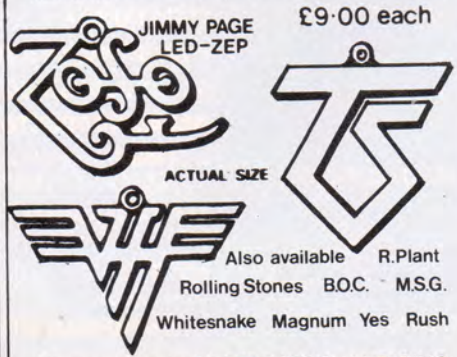

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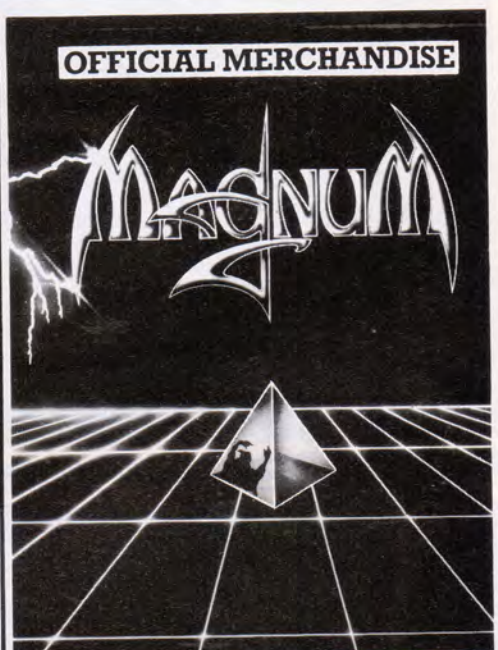

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LOCAL CHART

1 STAND IN THE FIRE **Mickey Thomas** (RCA)
2 EASTERN SUN **Zeno** (Parlophone)
3 SUSPICIOUS HEART **Van Stephenson** (MCA)
4 STRANGER **Ted Nugent** (Atlantic)
5 AMERICAN HEARTBEAT **Jimmy Barnes** (Geffen)
6 IN MY DREAMS **Dokken** (Elektra)
7 LOSING YOU **Joe Lynn Turner** (Elektra)
8 THE KINGS OF THE WORLD **Charlie** (Mirace)
9 LOVE LIES **Le Mans** (Columbia)
10 HEART TO THE FLAME **Van-Zant** (Geffen)
11 NEW MAN NOW **Howie Turner & Tremor** (demo)
12 LIVING IN A BOY'S WORLD **Fiona** (Atlantic)
13 DREAMS **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
14 ANGEL OF THE CITY **Robert Tepper** (Scotti Brothers)
15 MAKE IT TONIGHT **Virginia Wolf** (Atlantic)
16 HOT LOVE **Jeff Paris** (Mercury)
17 STRANDED **Animotion** (Mercury)
18 WOUNDED **Honeymoon Suite** (Warner Brothers)
19 LADY NINA **Marillion** (EMI)
20 NO SECOND CHANCE **King Kobra** (Capitol)
21 STOLE MY HEART **Neil Brownsy** (Independent)
22 PERFECT WATER **Blue Öyster Cult** (CBS)
23 TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS **Hurricane** (Greenworld)
24 ONCE IN YOUR LIFE **John Miles** (Valentino)
25 DON'T TELL THE WIND **Zeno** (Parlophone)
26 STEREOTOMY **Alan Parson's Project** (Arista)
27 WELCOME TO THE CLUB **Kick Axe** (Pasha)
28 TOMORROW DOESN'T MATTER TONIGHT **Starship** (Grunt)
29 JEALOUS LOVER **Rainbow** (Polydor)
30 NAME OF LOVE **UFO** (Chrysalis)

Compiled by Glenn, Terry and Albert at WHOT 97.3, *Virginia Beach, Virginia.*

Anyone wishing to have their local chart published should send a copy to: ***Kerrang! charts, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 7QZ.***

STAR CHOICE

MARC STORACE (KROKUS)
'BABYLON THE BANDIT' Steel Pulse (Elektra)
'UNDER LOCK AND KEY' Dokken (Elektra)
'RUSSIAN ROULETTE' Accept (Portrait)

LARS ULRICH (METALLICA)
'BURN' Deep Purple (Harvest)
'LIGHTNING TO THE NATIONS' Diamond Head (DHM Records)
'LOVE' The Cult (Beggars Banquet)

FOX (RANKELSON)
'HUNGRY FOR BLOOD' Rankelson (Ebony)
'SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE' Judas Priest (CBS)
'FIGHTING FOR THE EARTH' Warrior (10 Records)

MARTIN SCHOFIELD (TOUCHED)
'THE ULTIMATE SIN' Ozzy Osbourne (Epic)
'FRICTION' Coney Hatch (Vertigo)
'SEVENTH STAR' Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi (Vertigo)

US HM RADIO

1 MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Elektra)
2 TURBO **Judas Priest** (CBS)
3 THE ULTIMATE SIN **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
4 RUSSIAN ROULETTE **Accept** (Portrait)
5 THE FINAL FRONTIER **Keel** (Gold Mountain/MCA)
6 5150 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
7 STARS **Hear 'n Aid** (Mercury/PG 45)
8 LITTLE MISS DANGEROUS **Ted Nugent** (Atlantic)
9 UNVEILING THE WICKED **Exciter** (Combat)
10 NOBLE SAVAGE **Virgin Steele** (Cobra)
11 LET IT GO **Loudness** (Atco 45)
12 LADY OF THE NIGHT **Spectre** (Spectre)
13 GUILTY AS SIN **Bloodlust** (Metal Blade)
14 FATAL PORTRAIT **King Diamond** (Roadrunner/Greenworld)
15 PANTHER **Panther** (Half Wet/Greenworld)
16 MISDEMEANOR **UFO** (Chrysalis)
17 EDEN **Eden** (Resless)
18 WORLD GONE MAD **David T. Chastain's CJSS** (Leviathan)
19 UNDER LOCK AND KEY **Dokken** (Elektra)
20 THE PACK IS BACK **Raven** (Atlantic)

This is a NEW, REGULAR chart compiled by Gail Flug, Hard Rock Coordinator, CMJ New Music Report, *830 Willis Avenue, Albertson, New York 11507. It represents the most played albums/singles on hard rock/college radio stations across the USA.*

INDIE METAL

1	1	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
2	13	LAND OF THE GUN **Legs Diamond** (Music For Nations)
3	9	KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
4	2	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
5	5	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
6	7	FATAL PORTRAIT **King Diamond** (Roadrunner)
7	3	SURRENDER **Joshua** (FM)
8	8	ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM)
9	15	THE FORCE **Onslaught** (Under One Flag)
10	6	BEHOLD THE BEGINNING **Diamond Head** (Metal Masters)
11	4	UNVEILING THE WICKED **Exciter** (Music For Nations)
12	10	SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND **Stryper** (Enigma/Stiff)
13	12	BURNING AMBITION **Chariot** (Shades)
14	—	FOREVER . . . AND EVER **Forever** (Heavy Metal America)
15	11	OFFICIAL BOOTLEG **Venom** (American Phonograph)
16	14	ANTHOLOGY **Magnum** (Raw Power)
17	17	KOMMANDER OF KAOS **Wendy O. Williams** (Zebra)
18	19	ANTHOLOGY **Uriah Heep** (Raw Power)
19	16	CARNIVORE **Carnivore** (Roadrunner)
20	18	BEST OF HANOI ROCKS **Hanoi Rocks** (Lick)

IMPORTS

1 PLEASURE TO KILL **Kreator** (Noise)
2 EDGE OF INSANITY **Tony McAlpine** (Roadrunner)
3 HIDEAWAY **Stefanie** (Elektra)
4 FIGHT TO SURVIVE **White Lion** (Victor Japan)
5 FINAL STRIKE **Backwater** (Disaster)
6 POISON DOLLYS **Poison Dollys** (Invasion)
7 RAISED ON RADIO **Journey** (CBS)
8 POWER AND PAIN **Whiplash** (Roadrunner)
9 HOLLYWOOD **The Rods Project** (Passport)
10 CRACK OF DOOM **DC LaCroix** (Black Dragon)

KERRANG!

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DEPUTY EDITOR: DANTE BONUTTO

INTERNATIONAL DEZIGNER/ART DIREKTOR: STEVE 'KRUSHER' JOULE

NEWZ EDITOR: MALCOLM DOME

KONTRIBUTORZ: DAVE DICKSON, HOWARD JOHNSON, PAUL MILLER, DEREK OLIVER, MARK PUTTERFORD, XAVIER RUSSELL, SYLVIE SIMMONS, MICK WALL, CHRIS WELCH

INZTRUMENT REVIEWERZ: PAUL HENDERSON, TIM OAKES

PHOTOGRAPHERZ: 'CRAZY' GEORGE BODNAR, PETE CRONIN, ROBERT ELLIS, ROSS 'GLOBAL' HALFIN, RAY PALMER

ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: DAVE OBERLÉ

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PUBLISHING DIRECTOR: BOB THRUSSELL

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SINGLES

1	3	STARS **Hear 'n Aid** (Vertigo)
2	1	A KIND OF MAGIC **Queen** (EMI)
3	2	LOOK AWAY **Big Country** (Mercury)
4	—	YOUR LATEST TRICK **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
5	—	SLEDGEHAMMER **Peter Gabriel** (Virgin)
6	4	WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
7	5	ROUGH BOY **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
8	—	BE GOOD TO YOURSELF **Journey** (CBS)
9	6	HARLEM SHUFFLE **Rolling Stones** (Rolling Stones/CBS)
10	—	BECAUSE THE NIGHT **Keel** (Vertigo)
11	7	THESE DREAMS **Heart** (Capitol)
12	9	TURBO LOVER **Judas Priest** (CBS)
13	12	AMERICAN STORM **Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band** (Capitol)
14	—	JUMP IN THE FIRE **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
15	—	YOU WANT WHAT WE GOT **Twisted Sister** (Warner Brothers)
16	8	THAT GIRL **FM** (Portrait)
17	19	SHOT IN THE DARK **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
18	—	R.O.C.K. IN THE USA **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Riva)
19	15	TALK TO ME **Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/Parlophone)
20	—	STAR **Tormé** (Zebra)
21	18	MARKET SQUARE HEROES **Marillion** (EMI)
22	10	UNDER A RAGING MOON **Roger Daltrey** (10 Records)
23	11	IT'S ALL GONE **Chris Rea** (Magnet)
24	13	ROCK 'N' ROLL GIPSY **Saxon** (Parlophone)
25	17	IN MY DREAMS **Dokken** (Elektra)
26	20	HOT GIRLS IN LOVE **Cherry Bombz** (Lick)
27	24	FOR AMERICA **Jackson Browne** (Asylum)
28	28	HEART OF LOTHIAN **Marillion** (EMI)
29	14	THIS TIME **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
30	22	I CAN'T HOLD BACK **Survivor** (Scotti Brothers)

ALBUMS

1	1	5150 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
2	4	BROTHERS IN ARMS **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
3	—	ON THE BEACH **Chris Rea** (Magnet)
4	2	TURBO **Judas Priest** (CBS)
5	3	HEART **Heart** (Capitol)
6	—	RUSSIAN ROULETTE **Accept** (Portrait)
7	5	DIRTY WORK **Rolling Stones** (Rolling Stones/CBS)
8	—	LIKE A ROCK **Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band** (Capitol)
9	7	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
10	6	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
11	8	MEAN BUSINESS **The Firm** (Atlantic)
12	11	ROCK ANTHEMS II **Various** (K-Tel)
13	13	THE ULTIMATE SIN **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
14	10	ROCK A LITTLE **Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/ Parlophone)
15	re	AFTERBURNER **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
16	16	ALCHEMY **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
17	12	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
18	23	GREATEST HITS **Queen** (EMI)
19	22	THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE **U2** (Island)
20	9	UNDER LOCK AND KEY **Dokken** (Elektra)
21	19	MISPLACED CHILDHOOD **Marillion** (EMI)
22	—	LAND OF THE GUN **Legs Diamond** (Music For Nations)
23	re	COME OUT AND PLAY **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
24	30	LOVE OVER GOLD **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
25	25	LIVE – UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY **U2** (Island)
26	24	SEVENTH STAR **Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi** (Vertigo)
27	28	MAKING MOVIES **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
28	re	VITAL SIGNS **Survivor** ((Scotti Brothers)
29	36	WAR **U2** (Island)
30	18	CODE OF THE ROAD **Nils Lofgren** (Towerbell)
31	17	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
32	27	SCARECROW **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Riva)
33	15	LIVES IN THE BALANCE **Jackson Browne** (Elektra)
34	37	FINYL VINYL **Rainbow** (Polydor)
35	29	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
36	40	THEATRE OF PAIN **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
37	20	LITTLE MISS DANGEROUS **Ted Nugent** (WEA International)
38	32	LIVE AFTER DEATH **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
39	21	BORN IN THE USA **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
40	31	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
41	re	KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
42	14	9012 LIVE – THE SOLOS **Yes** (Atlantic)
43	47	FATAL PORTRAIT **King Diamond** (Roadrunner)
44	41	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
45	43	10 FROM 6 **Bad Company** (Atlantic)
46	re	1984 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
47	34	SURRENDER **Joshua** (FM)
48	—	BLUE SOUL **Paul Kossoff** (Island)
49	44	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR **Marillion** (EMI)
50	33	LOVE AT FIRST STING **Scorpions** (EMI Price Attack)

PLAYLIST

MALCOLM 'DEAF DEALER' DOME
'CINDERELLA ' Cinderella (Mercury import)
'THE FINAL FRONTIER' Keel (Vertigo)
'SEX SLAVE' Rankelson (track from the 'Hungry For Blood' LP on Ebony)

XAVIER *'AVANT-GARDE* DEMI-GOD' RUSSELL
'DOWN HOME REDNECK ROCK 'N' ROLL MAN' Doc Holliday (demo)
'PUSS IS GREAT' The Spastic Children (live bootleg)
'SOMEBODY LIKE YOU' 38 Special (track from the 'Strength In Numbers' LP on A&M)

GEOFF 'ANYTHING'LL DO' BARTON
'RAISED ON ROCK' Keel (track from 'The Final Frontier' LP on Vertigo)
'TO MEGA THERION' Celtic Frost (Noise import)
'SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND' Stryper (Enigma/Stiff)

DANTE 'SURELY SOME MISTAKE HERE' BONUTTO
'POISON DOLLYS' Poison Dollys (Invasion import)
'ONE HIT (TO THE BODY)' Rolling Stones (track from the 'Dirty Work' LP On Rolling Stones/CBS)
'WILD CHILD (WILD MIX)' W.A.S.P. (Capitol 45)

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LADY KERRANG!

SUZE DE MARCHI

NO, THIS young lady *isn't* hanging onto a yard of ale, but, yes, she *is* Australian, and no, she *isn't* crude or capricious or cork-festooned or . . . What's that? Why is she in *Kerrang!* then? Well, well . . . for all the *right* reasons, of course! Like, she's just released her first single *ever*; it's called '**Young Hearts**', it's on the *EMI* label and I'll be **Rolf Harris'** beard if it isn't, if it isn't . . . OK.

Yeah, not a startling release, nothing to move the Earth or block the sun, but not bad either, certainly showing more than enough potential for *Kerrang!* to want to keep a scrutinous eye on the burgeoning career of 22-year-old **Suze De Marchi**. She looks good, she tastes . . . no, no, that's wrong . . . she *sounds* good, yeah, that's right, and she's got an album almost finished too, though it's not yet certain when *EMI* intend to release it.

According to Suze, it'll feature a variety of material, from "ballady stuff" right through to straightforward rock 'n' roll, which is what the lady actually likes. Yeah! She also enjoys playing live and assures me that a permanent touring band will be formed around her post haste.

Born on Valentine's Day in Subiaco, near Perth, Western Australia, the youngest of four children, she's worked her way through a whole host of jobs, from banking to clothes shop assisting to doling to . . . *rockin'!* And rollin'? Yeah, that too, landing the job of lead singer with **Photoplay**, a Perth band who played anything up to six nights a week as well as supporting Oz outfits such as **INXS**, **Midnight Oil** and the **Church**.

Eventually, after another spell in the rag trade, a Photoplay video found its way to the right people and Suze signed up with newly-formed *Woomera Records* in Perth, and now . . . now she's jostling elbows with the likes of **Kate Bush** and **Fish** on the *EMI* roster, having decided to move to London permanently.

She's still a little green around the gills and she knows she's got a long way to go as yet, but who knows, before too long we could be seein' Suze De Marchi at *De Marquee*. And I bet you knew that one was coming!

DANTE BONUTTO

Pic Ray Palmer

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G. 20" CHINA BOY LOW

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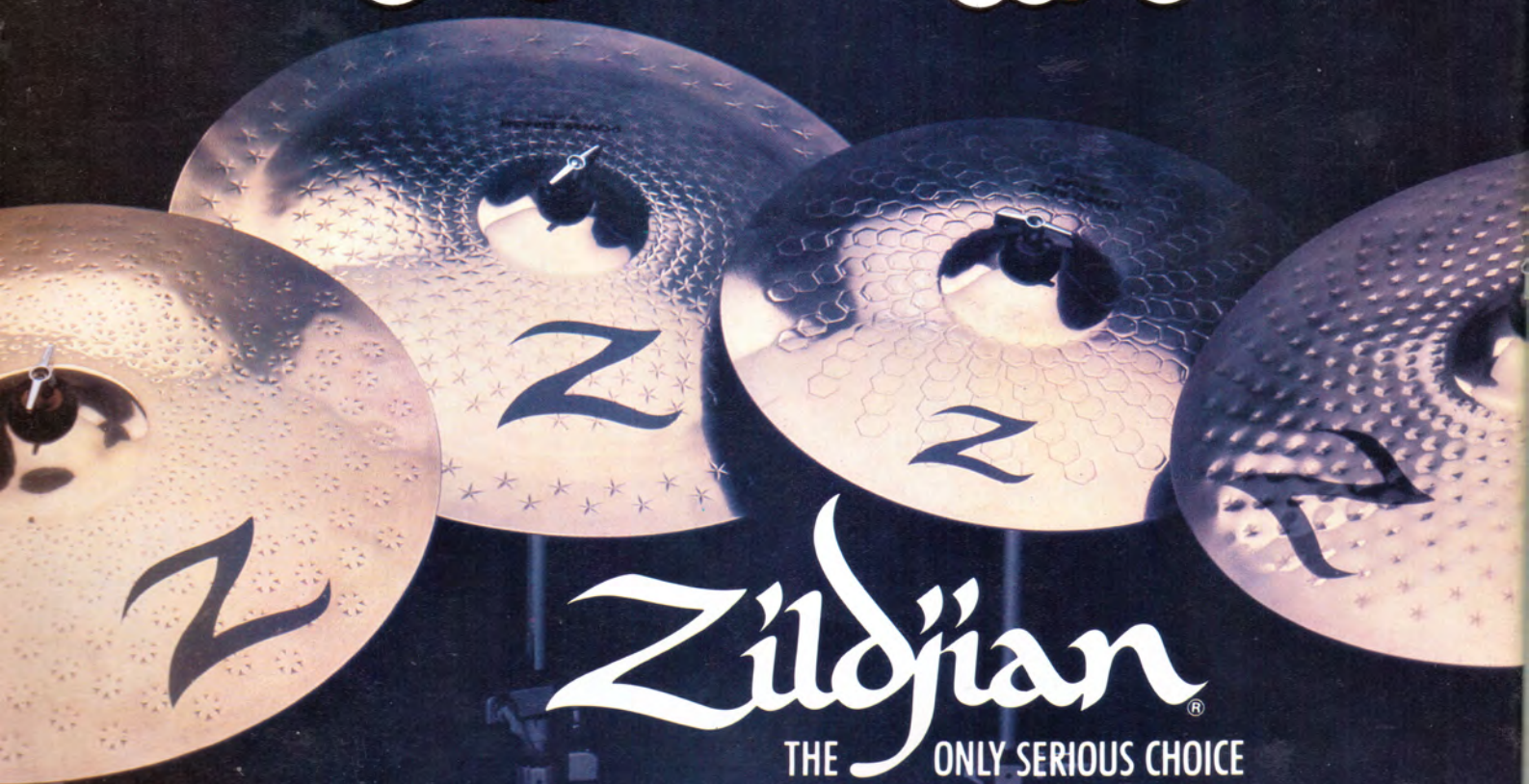
G. 20" 'Z' HEAVY POWER RIDE
H. 22" CHINA BOY HIGH
J. 20" CHINA BOY LOW



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